

JULY

35 CENTS

CHILD LIFE

The Children's Own Magazine



RAND McNALLY & COMPANY

"I will bring your breakfast to you" said Little Bear



Full-page illustration by Frances Beem

From

Little Bear's Ups and Downs

Written by FRANCES MARGARET FOX

Illustrated by FRANCES BEEM

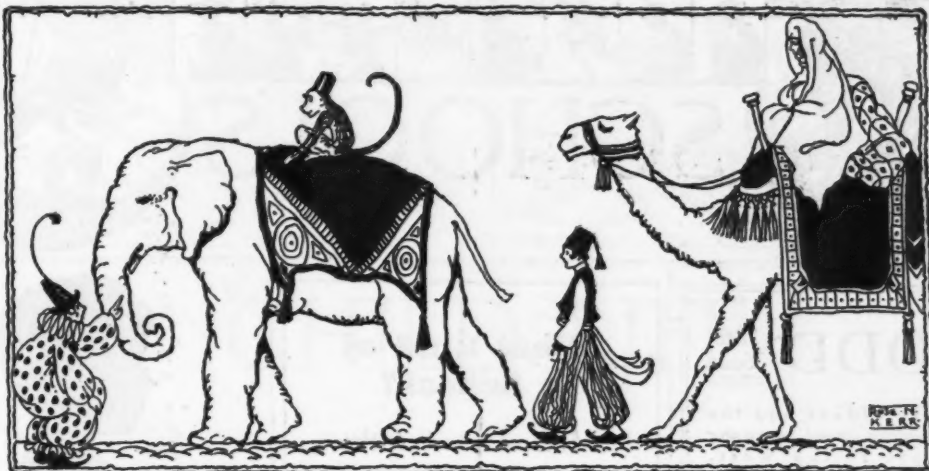
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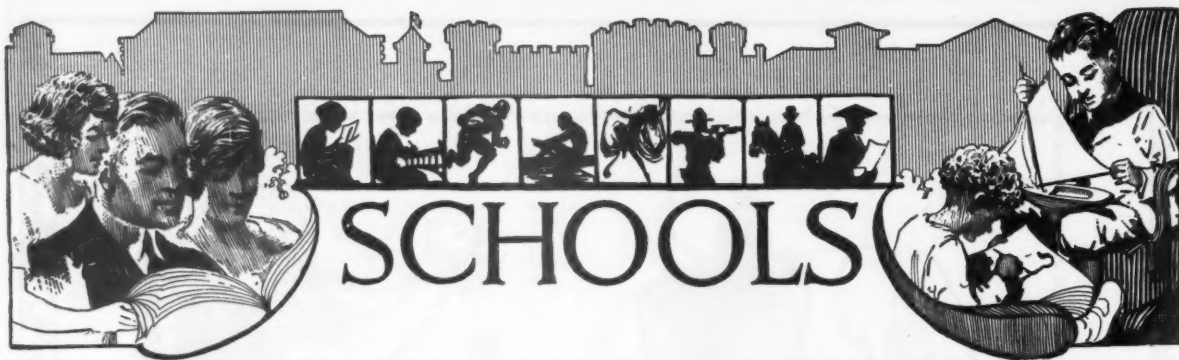


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The CHILD LIFE School Bureau is at the disposal of all parents who know what kind of a school they should like for their children but who do not know where it is located. If the schools whose announcements are on this page do not meet all your requirements, our Service undoubtedly knows of one that does.



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Address: R. L. BROWN, Director
Bureau of Education
CHILD LIFE
536 S. Clark St., Chicago, Ill.



CHILD LIFE

PUBLISHED MONTHLY

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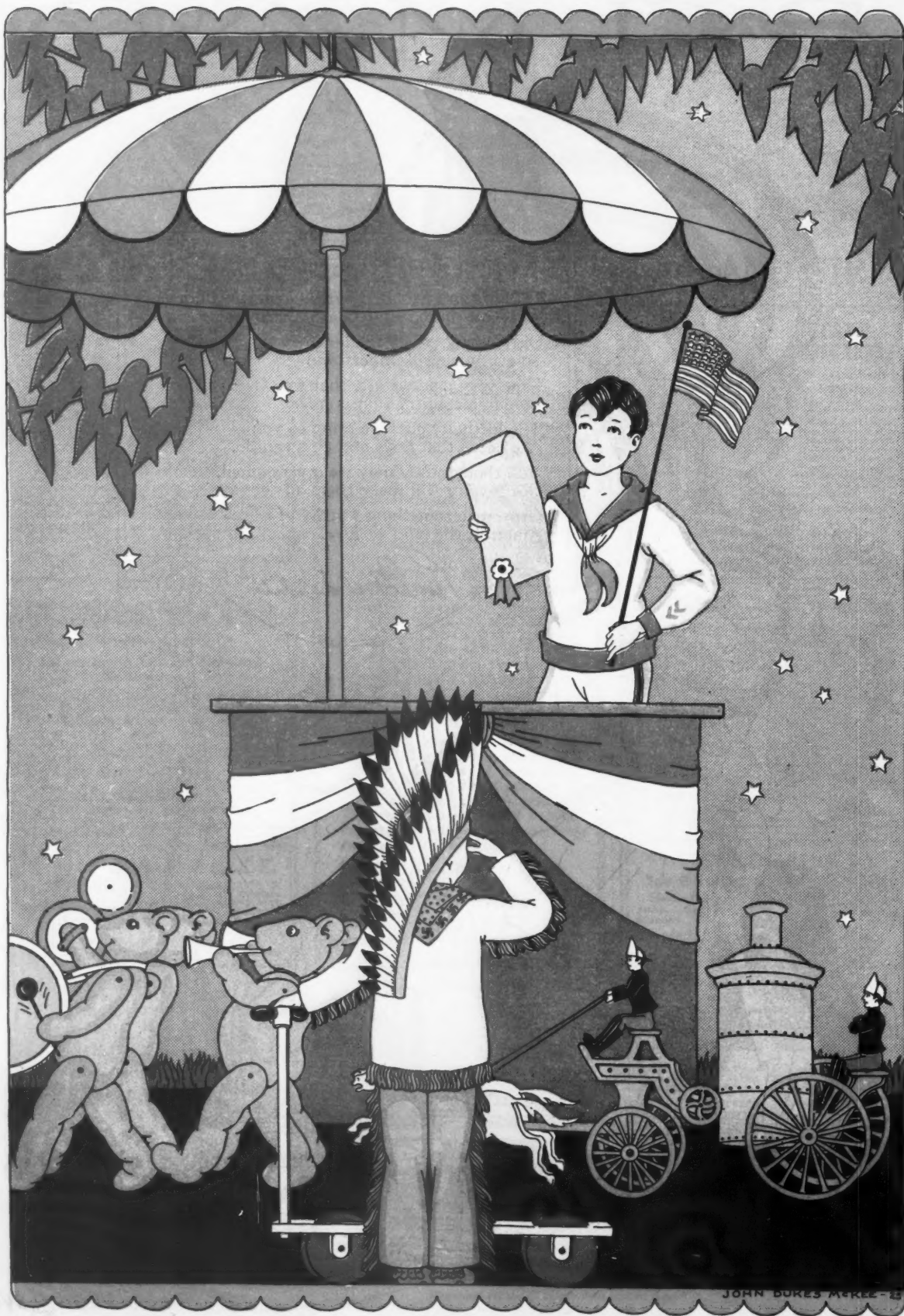
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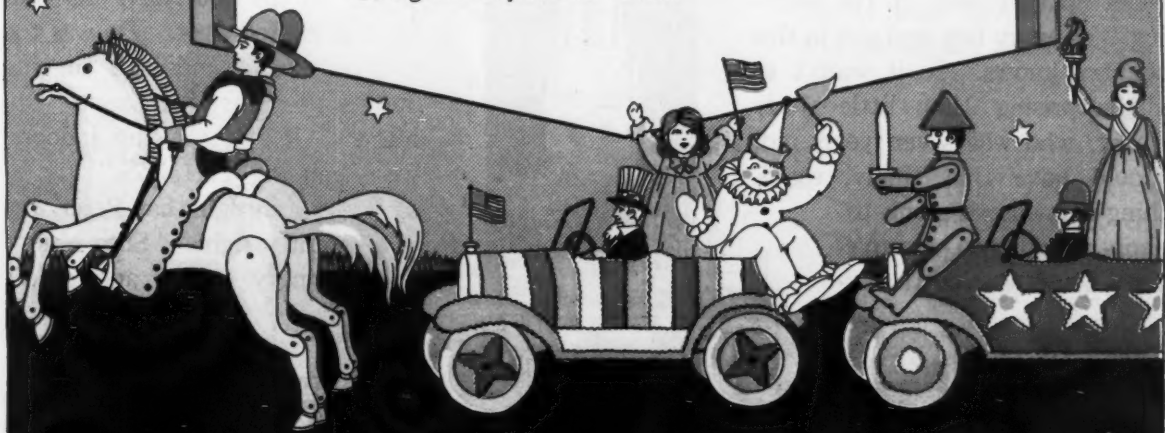
THE TOY PARADE

IRVING PRICE

BILL YOUNG and I had a real parade
Like grown-ups on Fourth of July.
Bill was the General—so we played—
And I was judge as they passed by.
First of all came the Brown Bear Band,
Blowing as loud and as proud as could be
Yankee Doodle and Dixie Land
And the home of the brave is the land of the free.

The fire department was next in line,
Every man in his proper place,
The horses the cowboys rode were fine,
Prancing and snorting and ready to race,
Then two big floats all trimmed up gay
And dolls waving flags with all their might.
It made us holler, "Hip! Hip! Hooray!"
'Twas a real patriotic sight!

And up and down the long parade
Drove General Bill in his private car.
He wore the uniform Mother made
And his Indian hat and a shiny star.
And when he passed the reviewing stand
He saluted the flag so straight and still,
I knew the others would understand,
So I gave the prizes all to Bill.





JUDY'S PARTICULAR ADVENTURE A FOURTH OF JULY STORY

by Imogen Clark

Author of "Will Shakespeare's Little Lad," "Santa Claus' Sweetheart," "We Four and Two More," etc.

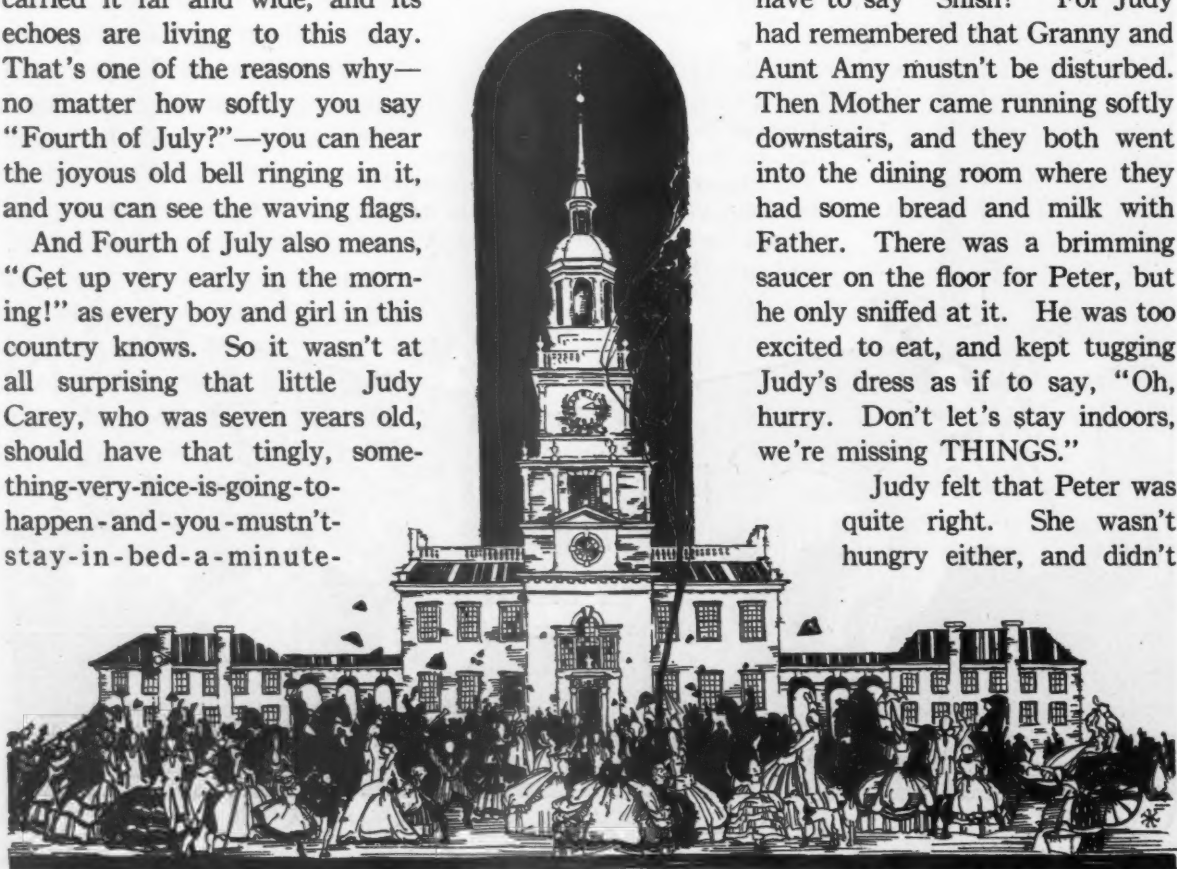


ON A Fourth of July long, long ago, the Liberty Bell, up in the high steeple of the State House in Philadelphia, rang out the glad news that the Declaration of Independence had been signed. The people were crowded in the streets near-by, and as soon as they heard the first notes they cheered and shouted with might and main. It seemed as if they never could or would stop cheering, and shouting, they were so thankful that their dear land was free, for that was the bell's message to them. And they beat on tin pans, and fired off guns bang! bang! bang! Oh, there was plenty of noise, I can tell you! But it was such a happy noise that the breezes carried it far and wide, and its echoes are living to this day. That's one of the reasons why—no matter how softly you say "Fourth of July?"—you can hear the joyous old bell ringing in it, and you can see the waving flags.

And Fourth of July also means, "Get up very early in the morning!" as every boy and girl in this country knows. So it wasn't at all surprising that little Judy Carey, who was seven years old, should have that tingly, something-very-nice-is-going-to-happen-and-you-mustn't-stay-in-bed-a-minute-

longer feeling on this special day, for she was all dressed to go out before the light was golden. She tiptoed down to the stair landing, with Peter, her little fox terrier, tucked under one arm, and stood looking up at the tall clock. She could see its face distinctly, and she knew how to tell time, though that wasn't necessary because, while she waited, the old clock cleared its throat—it always did that just before it struck—and then slowly, surely told the hour, ending the last stroke with a rumbling little chuckle which said as plain as plain to Judy, "Better be off!" She choked back a happy squeal, and hopped down the rest of the stairs so noiselessly that Mother didn't have to say "Shish!" For Judy had remembered that Granny and Aunt Amy mustn't be disturbed. Then Mother came running softly downstairs, and they both went into the dining room where they had some bread and milk with Father. There was a brimming saucer on the floor for Peter, but he only sniffed at it. He was too excited to eat, and kept tugging Judy's dress as if to say, "Oh, hurry. Don't let's stay indoors, we're missing THINGS."

Judy felt that Peter was quite right. She wasn't hungry either, and didn't





want any breakfast. All she wanted was to start on the wonderful expedition to see the pond lilies wake up. It was really very hard to try to eat, though she knew that Mother must be obeyed.

Father had made the lovely plan and Mother had agreed to it at once, though Granny and Aunt Amy had cried in one breath, "You're both crazy; the child is much better off in bed."

Then Father had patted Granny's arm and had said, "No, no, you darling old lady, Judy's better off seeing beautiful things. When I was seven I woke the whole household at dawn on the glorious Fourth banging off firecrackers, but times have changed. Judy will only have the safest of safe torpedoes, and she won't spoil your sleep with them. You and Amy shall be as lazy as you like; we three wise ones are going over to Long Pond to see the lilies. We'll have the place to ourselves, for nobody will be there on the Fourth of July."

So that's how it happened that, before sunrise on this particular morning, the front door of the house was opened softly, and after it had been closed with the utmost caution, three persons—a tall person, a middle-sized person, and a little-little person, the latter carrying a wriggling mass made

up of a tail and a head and a small white body with four frantic paws, went down the porch steps to the car that Father had ready for them in the driveway. The next moment the car whirled and they were off—off!

It was exactly like riding into the heart of a new world. The morning was so different from any morning Judy had ever known. The trees were stretching themselves very gently, and the leaves were waking up with little whispers; the birds were taking their baths, or doing their daily dozens, or hurrying around for an early worm for breakfast, and the flowers were stirring half sleepily in their beds.

"O-oh!" Judy said to herself, looking back at a friendly rose bush.

Judy wished that she had a hundred eyes, instead of just two—there was so much to see. She could hardly believe, though Father said so, and, of course, it was true, that lots of beautiful things happen out-of-doors every day—on every quite ordinary day.

They drove swiftly through the hushed streets of the little town, and even on Main Street they went very fast, though usually one had to go slowly, and mind one's P's and Q's, and obey the red-faced policeman at the corner. At this hour, however, there was no traffic; the shops were still sound asleep because it was a holiday, and only a few





people were to be seen. They stared and stared at the Careys in open-mouthed surprise, but Judy waved her hand to them, and Peter barked, "Good morning," so they nodded back in the friendliest fashion.

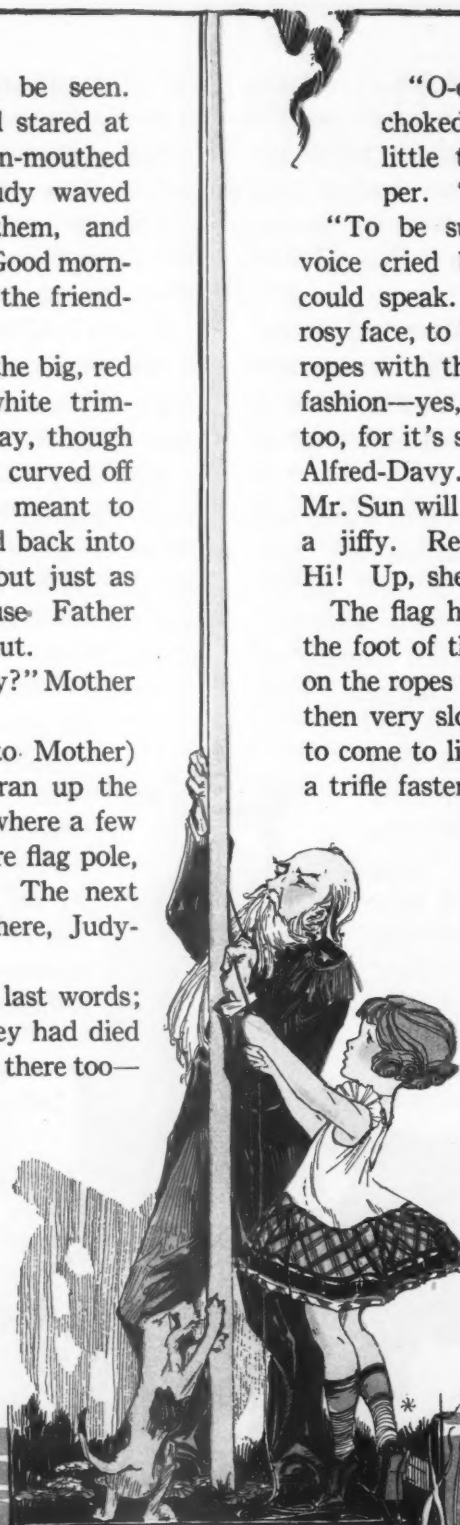
At the end of Main Street the big, red brick courthouse with its white trimmings seemed to block the way, though the road really separated and curved off at either side. The Careys meant to take the lower road which led back into the country to Long Pond, but just as they reached the courthouse Father stopped the car and jumped out.

"What's the matter, Rodney?" Mother asked.

Father (he was Rodney to Mother) didn't answer. Instead, he ran up the little slope to the courthouse where a few men were standing by the bare flag pole, and spoke to one of them. The next moment he called, "Come here, Judykins, come quick!"

Judy didn't wait for those last words; she was at his side before they had died away, and of course Peter was there too—though nobody had called him.

Mother sat still in the car, so she didn't hear what Father said. It was this: "Would you like to raise the flag this Fourth of July, Judy?"



"O-oh! Oh-h!" choked Judy in a little trembly whisper. "May I?"

"To be sure!" a gruff voice cried before Father could speak. "Bless your swate, little rosy face, to be sure! Just you grab the ropes with them big hands of yours—so fashion—yes, that's it. I'll have to tug too, for it's some pull, you can take my Alfred-Davy. Now then, heave away. Mr. Sun will be winking his eye at us in a jiffy. Ready there, Missy, ready! Hi! Up, she goes!"

The flag had been lying in a heap at the foot of the pole, but at the first tug on the ropes the folds stirred a little, and then very slowly, the whole flag seemed to come to life, and after that it stirred a trifle faster, up and up the ropes until it was almost running, as if somehow it were very glad. Then as it reached the top, it sprang right out into the sky with the gladdest motion of all to greet the sun. Our own beautiful Old Glory!

"Quick, Judy," commanded Father.

She whirled around at his touch, felt him press her hand on something cold, and, Boom! Boom! said the loud





voice of the cannon. Peter barked furiously, while Judy started back, half-frightened at the noise, and looked up at Father. He was standing at attention with the other men, saluting the flag. Judy had been taught to do it, too, so she stiffened her little body instantly, and raised her hand to her forehead.

"Well, that beats all!" squeaked the funny old man. "Now where did you learn it?"

"Father showed me when I was a little mite," Judy answered, "and of course we do it at school. Oh! don't you know what the flag tells all of us—the grown-ups and the children too? The red bars say, 'Be brave!' And the white bars say, 'Be pure!' And the blue field says, 'Be true!' And I am sure the stars say, 'Be shining!' I made that part up myself, 'Be shining!'"

"Come on, Judy," Father interrupted, "the lilies won't wait for us." He bade the men good morning, and Judy said good-by, then she put out her hand and squeezed the big, horny one that had helped her raise the flag.

"Thank you from my heart, Mr. Nice Man," she cried, "you did pull so fine."

Mother kissed her when she got into the car. "My happy, proud little girl," she said.

"Oh! it was scrumptuous!" Judy declared. (That was a brand-new word of Cook's, and Judy felt it did honor to the occasion.) "You never can guess, Mother dear, how scrumptuous it was to feel the flag getting ready to fly."

Father chuckled to himself, and sent the

car spinning. Oh, it was very safe! With the two dearest people in the world, and Peter, the dearest of dogs, to be taken care of, Mr. Father Rodney Carey wouldn't do anything that wasn't safe. But all the same, though they seemed to have wings, the day was getting older and older every minute. There was a stir of waking-up all around, flags appeared like magic at the doors or windows of the houses along the road, and every now and again the shouting of children, or the rhythmic beating of drums told them that the countryside was beginning to celebrate. How could the lilies stay asleep any longer in that racket?

Something seemed to whisper, "Hurry!" to Father, for he drove the car faster, and then all in a moment he brought it to a sudden stop in front of a dingy, half-tumble-down house on the edge of a little clearing. A thin, sleepy-looking man was sitting on the doorstep, and he pointed a skinny finger over his shoulder as the Careys jumped out of the car. "Boat's waiting," he said with a big yawn.

But the Careys didn't wait! With Father leading the way they went around a straggling clump of bushes to a little grass-grown path that led through the field to Long Pond. How they raced down to the water's edge where, sure enough, a big, flat-bottomed boat

was drawn half-way up on land! Mother hopped in like a little girl, Father swung Judy in, and Peter

(Continued on page 427)



THE FOURTH OF JULY TREASURE HUNT

I'M sorry for Ellen Gray," said Dolly. "She never has any fun."

"Huh!" said Dick scornfully. "Isn't that her own fault?"

"Who is Ellen Gray?" asked Mother, looking up from her book. "I never heard you speak of her before."

"I hardly ever think of her," said Dick, "though I see her every day at school. She's so—so not noticeable."

"That's because she's all one color," explained Dolly, "her dresses and her hair and her freckles; and her face and hands are simply all over freckles. She's one big freckle, Mommie."

"'Cept when she blushes," cut in Dick. "Do her freckles blush, or does she blush around her freckles? Anyhow she gets as red as a blazing fire every time I speak to her. Doesn't she, Dolly?"

"Yes," agreed Dolly, "she's very scared of boys, but she's scared of girls, too. I think she's scared of 'most everything. Don't you know how she sort of runs along when she walks, so as to get to school quick, and into her seat, and then she sticks her head into a book and she feels safe."

"Dick," said Mother solemnly, "have you teased that girl?"

"Well—maybe," admitted Dick honestly, and he hesitated a moment. "But she teases so easily, Mother" he said. "Why, she jumps if you even look at her."

By MARGARET WARDE

Author of the "Betty Wales" Series,
the "Nancy Lee" Series, etc.

"Everybody teases Ellen Gray," said Dolly, "and then we forget her."

"Well, suppose you two try to remember her and be nice to her just for a change," suggested Mother. "That won't hurt you a bit and it may make a big difference to her. In fact, I'm sure it will."

So after that Dick and Dolly noticed Ellen Gray more. But as to being nice to her, that wasn't so easy!

"She doesn't like to talk to me," complained

Dolly. "She reads all the books in the school library, and that's all she cares about."

"Well, if she loves reading, perhaps you don't need to be sorry for her," said Mother. "Perhaps she gets her share of pleasure out of books."

"I think we do have to be sorry, Mommie," declared Dick. "She told me she reads such a lot 'cause nice things happen in books, but they never happen to her."

"Cinderella is her favorite story," put in Dolly. "You see, Ellen is a middle-between in her family, and she's never had a new

dress or a new hat in all her life, so she just loves the part about the fairy godmother bringing Cinderella the beautiful spangly ball dress and the pretty little glass slippers."

"She likes King Arthur, too," put in Dick, "'cause he was brave and good and helped the poor, and Robin Hood 'cause he had adventures and they



ETHEL A. CLINE

turned out well. She says her father has had lots of adventures, but he was always the one to lose."

"And so," went on Dolly, "they've got poorer and poorer, and Ellen says she isn't smart enough to do anything great, and nowadays the fairies don't help you and there aren't any knights. So she's going to get her fun reading about all the lovely things that will never happen to her."

"Lovely things don't usually drop on you from the sky," laughed Mother. "You tell Ellen that. You tell her that she must try to do little things now, so she can do big ones, by and by."

"I told her, Mommie," Dick reported next day. "I did it 'cause I can explain things better than Dolly. And Ellen said that was all so, but she had tried and so had her family, and she was just too discouraged. If only one nice thing would happen, she said, then she'd believe in trying, but not before."

"Poor little girl!" said Mother. "We must make something nice happen. It's pitiful for a little girl

to feel that the world is full of beautiful things and none of them are for her."

By this time school was out and it was almost Fourth of July and the children wanted a celebration.

"They want you to plan it, Mommie," Dick told her proudly. "They know you can."

"We don't want speeches in our celebration," explained Dolly. "We want to sing 'America' and 'Glory Halleluiah' and 'Yankee Doodle,' and salute our flag, and then we want to have some fun."

"I see," said Mother. "You want me to think up some wonderful new game that's right for summer, and that you can all play together."

"That's it exactly," Dick nodded.

"We'll think of one," said Mother. And we'll be sure it's a game that Ellen Gray will like."

"Oh, she won't come," said Dolly promptly. "Why not?" Mother wanted to know. "Everyone's invited."

"She never comes to school parties," said Dolly. "She hasn't a best dress to wear."

"Then this must be an old-clothes party," said Mother. "You tell Ellen and all the other children to wear old clothes. Tell them to come at two o'clock, and—" Mother's voice grew very mysterious

and exciting—"they'll see what they'll see."

"Oh, give us a tiny hint!" begged Dick.

"Yes, do!" sighed Dolly.

"All right," said Mother. "We'll have—a treasure hunt. Wouldn't you like to hunt for hidden treasure?"

"You bet!" cried Dick.

"Ellen will like it 'cause it sounds like a story book," added Dolly.

Mother was very busy after that. She got all the big sisters and some of the mothers to help her, and they had a meeting of their own at the Lincoln Cabin. The next afternoon Dick caught Mother up on the hill doing something with a can



of paint—he couldn't see what because she shooed him away so quick. And Andy Wright's big brother—who'd been in the war—drove over one night with a tent that he said Mother wanted to borrow. He and Mother talked secrets and laughed a great deal. And that was every bit that Dick and Dolly found out beforehand—unless the blue ribbon Mother sent to town for had something to do with a treasure hunt—and of course the other children hadn't found out anything at all. Mother certainly knew how to keep secrets.

On Fourth of July afternoon they were all on hand, in old clothes and so excited about the treasure hunt that they voted to sing only two verses of "America" and two of "Glory Halleluiah," so they could get started sooner. While they sang "Yankee Doodle" they marched round and round their

flag pole, their hands raised in salute. Then they halted and Harriet stepped out of the ranks and said: "Loved flag of our beautiful country, we honor thee!" and the rest said it after her. And at last it was time for the treasure hunt.

"All stand in a row," said Mother, who was carrying a little basket, "and I'll give out directions for the hunt." She held up a sealed envelope. "Each child gets one of these. When I say, 'One, two, three, away!' you open your envelope and do all the things it says, one after the other. There are dragons and knights and fairies along the road to see to it that you follow your directions. All the directions are different, but they all lead to the treasure and the different routes are as nearly as possible equally hard and long." She had passed out all the envelopes as she talked. "Ready?" she asked. "One—two—three—and away!"

Rip, tear! Open came all the envelopes. Crack, pull! Out came the papers of directions. Intent, puzzled little faces there were, as the children poured over them.

"Go up the hill until you meet a wood nymph. Ask her a polite question and follow her advice." That was what Dick's paper said.

"Walk ten paces east and seven south," said Dolly's, "and you will see a large dead tree. Then follow the white arrows."

"Make a magic circle," began Ellen Gray's, and Andy's said the same thing. Andy was stumped; he knew how to make willow whistles and chocolate ice cream, but a magic circle! Ellen didn't have any trouble. She broke a forked stick off a bush and made some queer gestures with it, then she whirled three times, and digging with the sharp end of the stick, she traced a circle on the ground. And when she got up, there at her elbow was an elf. Ellen knew right off that it was an elf, though Andy saw only that it was Josie Brown, a big girl that all the

children liked, dressed in a queer brown cloak, with a hood that almost hid her face.

"Fare on, Maid Ellen," said the elf. "You have made the magic circle."

"Say, Josie," said Andy, staring after Ellen's flying figure, "must I do all that crazy business?"

"Something like it anyhow," giggled the elf. "And you're mighty lucky to have somebody ahead of you to show you how."

Dolly got lost among the trees with the white arrows on them. The arrows turned to pink ones after awhile, and she didn't notice. But Ellen noticed and stopped at exactly the right place, and then, from away up in a tree a little squeaky voice called down, "Fare on, Maid Ellen, you have finished this lap of your journey." So Ellen went on to the brook where a sign said, "Cross me once, cross me twice, and give the password."

"Abacadabara," said Ellen solemnly, looking admiringly at the knight in tin armor who guarded the crossing. She

said the long word just as if she were saying "One, two, three." She hadn't had a bit of trouble remembering what the nymph had told her.

"Ha, ha!" laughed the knight. "You're a good one to be able to gabble off that word. Go ahead."

Now Ellen had come to the last line of her directions. She looked ahead of her—nobody there. She looked behind; Tony was trying to say "Abacadabara" and couldn't get it right. But Dick had said it and he was sprinting up the hill close behind Ellen. Tony stopped trying to say the password and watched the race.

"Go, it, bookworm!" he yelled. "Go it, Dick! Don't let a girl beat you."

"I did hate to let Ellen win," Dick told Mother afterwards. "But we'd planned to be nice to her and there was my chance, so I did slow up on that hill. But I needn't have bothered. When we got to



JUST LIKE THIS

WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED BY BESS DEVINE JEWELL

The day was warm, so the boys fixed up a lemonade stand. They expected to make a fortune because such a wonderful drink as lemonade would surely bring crowds—

JUST LIKE THIS



But the crowds didn't come, although Stubby went down the street to try and send up customers while Pudgy and Bud called "ice cold" until they were hoarse—

JUST LIKE THIS



A sample of the lemonade now and then relieved their hoarseness and it seemed necessary to sample it often, so although none had been sold, the jar was nearly empty—

JUST LIKE THIS



Joy! Here comes Sunshine. Of course, they won't take her money—she must be treated, although it takes the last drop, and the gentlemen will politely drink with her—

JUST LIKE THIS



Just then the fire engines came "clanging" down the street, followed by a real crowd. Stubby, all out of breath, said, "Here's where we get rich, see what I brought?"—

JUST LIKE THIS



The lemonade was gone, also the fortune that might have been. Oh, well, didn't they have a "large" time and what's a fortune compared with chasing fire engines? "Let's go!"—

JUST LIKE THIS



MAY JUNE JULY AUGUST SEPTEMBER

THE KING'S CREAM

WHAT do you suppose the good children had for a treat be-

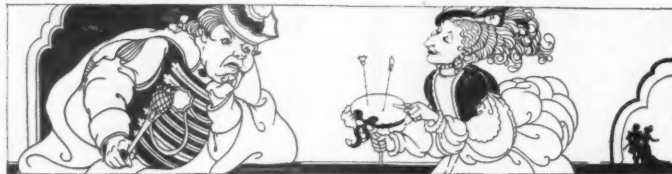
fore people knew how to make ice cream? Of course there was a time when no one knew how to make ice cream, when the people didn't even know that there was such a delicious thing to eat as ice cream, just as there was a time when no one knew how to make bread and chocolate cake and lemon drops. The very first ice cream that ever was made was made in the Land of Perhaps.

The King of the Land of Perhaps would sit on his golden throne and frown and scold and scold and frown and shake his head until his crown fell to the floor. No one dared to pick up the King's crown and put it on the King's head again. And it would never, never do for the King to be without his crown. Everyone was very glad when the wife of the Second Royal chamberlain loaned the King two of her best hat pins to keep his crown on his head.

From the first day of May until the first day of October the King wouldn't drink anything that was hot and from the first day of October to the first day of May the King wouldn't drink anything that was cold. The hot drinks had to be very, very hot, and the cold drinks had to be very, very cold. Every afternoon at four o'clock exactly from the first day of May until the first day of October the King had a tall glass of cream as cold as it could be made. And with the cold cream on the King's tray was placed a tiny little glass of syrup.

By FRANCES R. STERRETT

Author of "The Jam Girl," "Rebecca's Promise," "Mary Rose of Mifflin," etc.



Strawberry syrup was on the King's tray on Sundays, raspberry syrup was on the King's tray Mondays, vanilla syrup on Tuesdays, chocolate syrup on Wednesdays, peach syrup on Thursdays, lemon syrup on Fridays and on Saturdays there was al-

ways cherry syrup. A different syrup for every day in the week, you see, and the cream and the syrup both had to be very, very cold as cold as they could be made.

The poor Royal cook was often distracted to make the cream and the syrup cold enough to please the King. And he had a dreadful time to remember what syrup should be put beside the tall glass of cream on Monday or on Tuesday or on Friday. So that he would be sure to remember he changed the names of his seven little daughters from Mary and Elizabeth and Jessie and Louise and Elinor and Margaret and Susan to Strawberry and Raspberry and Vanilla and Chocolate and Peach and Lemon and

Cherry. The Royal cook thought that perhaps he could remember what kind of syrup to send the King on Sunday if the name of the syrup was the same as the name of his eldest daughter. Sunday, you know, is the first day of the week and Strawberry would now be the name of his first daughter.

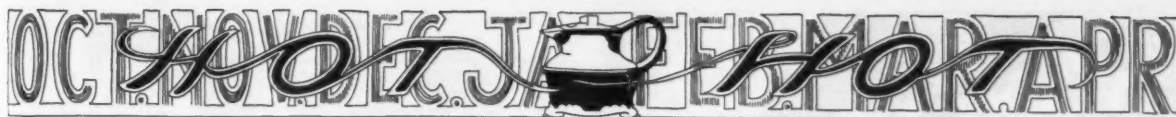
Strawberry helped her father as much as she could and so did her sisters.

One day, it was Wednesday, I remember, and Strawberry had just come into the Royal kitchen with the little glass of chocolate syrup which was to be sent in to the King at four o'clock with his



S R V C P L C

S R V C P L C



big glass of cold cream. The Royal cook was walking up and down the big Royal kitchen wringing his hands and muttering to himself:

"I can't get it cold enough! I can't get it cold enough! I shall lose my head and then what will become of my poor children?"

"Why, Father, dear," said Strawberry. "What ever is the matter?"

"I can't get it cold enough," sobbed her father, the Royal cook. And he showed Strawberry the big bottle of cream.

The under cooks had been pouring cold water on it for sixty minutes.

"His Majesty said the cream wasn't cold enough yesterday. And

the cream to-day won't be any colder than it was yesterday. I'm just about discouraged, Strawberry, I declare I have a great mind to leave the palace and find another place. Perhaps I could find a King who wasn't so particular. I'd rather lose my place than my head!"

"Of course you would, Father, dear," exclaimed Strawberry and she patted his fat hand. "But wait a minute before you give up your place. Perhaps we can think of something. Let us all think," she said. She shut her blue eyes as tight as she could and began to think hard.

Her father shut his grey eyes as tight as he could and thought hard, too. And the undercooks stopped pouring cold water on the bottle of cream and shut their green eyes and their brown eyes and tried to think as hard as Strawberry and her father were thinking.

Strawberry was the first to open her blue eyes. "Has any one thought of anything?" she asked eagerly.

The Royal cook opened his grey eyes. "I can't think of a thing," he moaned. "Not of a single

solitary thing! Oh, dear, I shall lose my head!"

And the under cooks opened their green eyes and their brown eyes and said that they couldn't think of a single solitary thing, either, but they did hope that the Royal cook wouldn't lose his head.

"Nonsense!" exclaimed Strawberry very sternly. "Of course he isn't going to lose his head! Of course he isn't going to lose his head! What is that?" she asked suddenly for there was a most tremendous noise on the other side of the kitchen door.



It was such a tremendous noise that they all ran to see what made it. Even if the Royal cook was afraid he would lose his head, they just had to run to

see what made the tremendous noise on the other side of the kitchen door because that was the kind of noise it was.

"Apple sauce and gingerbread!" exclaimed the Royal cook when he saw what the noise was.

"My goodness!" exclaimed Strawberry and her sisters when they saw what had made the noise. They stared like anything.

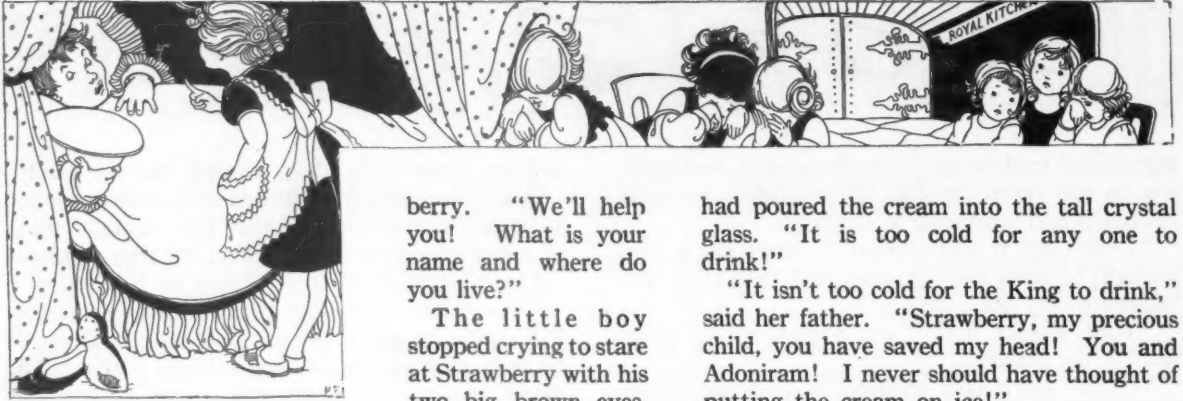
"Great jumping noodles!" cried all the under cooks at once when they saw what had made the noise.

And no wonder they all cried out in surprise, for there in the middle of the road was a wagon which had broken down in front of the Royal kitchen. One of the wagon wheels had broken in two and was lying in the road. And on the broken seat of the wagon was a little boy crying. And all over the road was scattered what had once been in the wagon.

"Don't cry any more, little boy," cried Strawberry. "We'll help you! What is your name and where do you live?"

The little boy stopped crying to stare at Straw-





berry. "We'll help you! What is your name and where do you live?"

The little boy stopped crying to stare at Strawberry with his two big brown eyes. "My name is Adoniram after my grandfather," he said. "And I'm a boy from the mountain."

He waved his hand toward the east where Strawberry and her sisters and the Royal cook and even the under cooks could see the tiptops of the mountains. "I lived there with my granduncle and when my granduncle died, I lived there alone. All I had in the world was a little cottage and a big lake of blue ice, and I filled my wagon with blue ice and came down to seek my fortune. But it is very warm down here and my blue ice began to run away and then my wagon broke down and I haven't found any fortune at all and I'm dis-discouraged!" And he began to cry again.

"Ice!" exclaimed Strawberry. She looked at the blue ice scattered over the road. "Ice is very cold, isn't it?"

"Very cold," said her father. He handed the boy from the mountain his own big handkerchief to wipe the tears away.

"I believe ice is the very coldest thing in the world," Strawberry said slowly. "Isn't it, Father?"

"I suppose it is," answered the Royal cook. "I've never heard the question discussed, but I should say it is."

Strawberry jumped up and clapped her hands. "Then let the under cooks put the King's cream on the ice," she said. "They can break the ice in little pieces, so it will fit close around the bottle. Wait, I'll put the cream in a tin can and perhaps it will cool faster. The glass bottle is thick. And if the cream gets very cold you will make your fortune, Adoniram," she told the boy from the mountain, "for the King will want at least a ton of blue ice every day."

And without waiting for her father's permission Strawberry emptied the bottle of cream into a tin milk can which was on the table. When the under cooks had chopped blue ice into small pieces Strawberry showed them how to cover the can with the ice.

"In five minutes it should be very cold," she said. "And in ten minutes it will be still colder. We shall leave the can in the ice for ten minutes by the clock in the Royal kitchen."

So they left the can in the ice while the minute hand of the clock in the Royal kitchen traveled from fifteen minutes to four to five minutes of four, and then Strawberry had the under cooks take the ice away.

"B-r-r-r! But the can is cold!" she exclaimed when she touched the tin. "The cream is cold, too!" she cried when her father

had poured the cream into the tall crystal glass. "It is too cold for any one to drink!"

"It isn't too cold for the King to drink," said her father. "Strawberry, my precious child, you have saved my head! You and Adoniram! I never should have thought of putting the cream on ice!"

The King had never had cream quite so





cold as the cream he had at four o'clock that Wednesday afternoon. He was so pleased with it that he sent for the Royal cook.

The Royal cook bowed before the King, until his head almost swept the ground, and he said he never could have done it if it hadn't been for his dear, helpful, little daughter Strawberry.



"I'm glad that your daughters are of some use to you," said the cross old King. "Here, give her this!"

He took a gold chain from around his neck and gave it to the Royal cook. "And

tell her, if she can find a way to make the cream even colder than it was to-day, I'll give her a ring for each of her fingers. How many fingers has she?" he snapped.

"Counting the thumbs Strawberry has ten fingers, Your Majesty," said the Royal cook. "All of my children have ten fingers counting the thumbs."

"I don't care what all of your children have," snapped the cross old King. "And I didn't say that I would give all of them rings. Make a note of it," he grunted to the Royal treasurer. "If this girl, this Strawberry Head Cook, makes the cream any colder to-morrow, she is to have ten rings. One for each of her ten fingers, counting her thumbs as fingers. And there will be a bag of gold for this Adoniram, the ice boy."

You can imagine how delighted little Strawberry was when she heard that the King had been pleased with the way she had cooled his four o'clock cream. She wanted very much to make the cream colder on Thursday, so that she could have the ten rings.

"I don't want all of them for myself," she explained to her father. "For ten rings are too many for one girl, but you see I could give a ring to Raspberry and one to Chocolate and one to Vanilla and one to Peach and one to Lemon, and if there was one small enough, I could give one to little Cherry. That would leave me four rings for myself, and four good rings are enough for any girl."

"I should think so," said her father. "But you will never get even one ring, for no one in the kingdom can make cream any colder than it was to-day!"

"We can at least try to make it colder!" Strawberry told him firmly.

So all day and all night they made experiments in the Royal kitchen, but try as hard as they would, they didn't seem to be able to get the King's cream any colder than it had been.

"I don't see why you can't get it colder," grumbled the King who sent a Herald to the Royal kitchen every hour. "I'll give you one more day, and then if you don't have my four o'clock cream colder than it was yesterday I'll lock you up in my darkest dungeon, and your seven daughters will have to feed the pigs. They will have to earn their own bread and butter."

When he heard what the King had said, the Royal cook protested. "I'd rather die than be locked up in the darkest dun-

(Continued on page 488)

LLANDAFF THE SEA ROOK

BY KATHERINE PALMER

Author of "The Frog of Pan."

CAW, caw!" Mother Sea Rook called. "Now, children, try—all together, and as loud as you can. Caw, caw!"

"Caw, caw!" repeated the three little sea rooks in a faint, frightened chorus. They lifted their downy black heads, and opened their bills just as Mother had done. They peered with bright eyes from the nest, swung high among the gray Welsh crags, out across the shining Irish Sea. "The world is so big," they piped, "and we are so little. Caw, caw!"

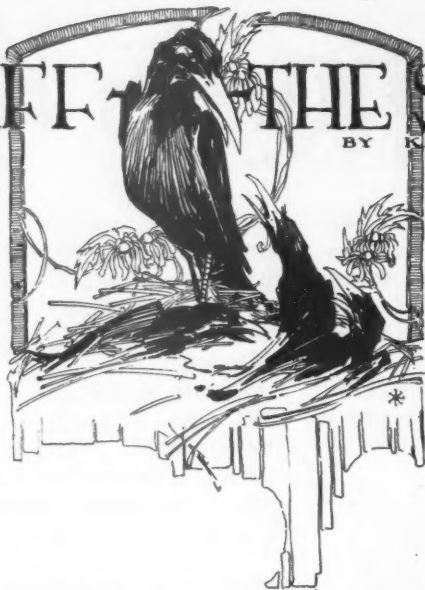
"It's a beautiful world," Mother told them. She was a very young mother rook, and much distressed because her fledglings were afraid to fly. She wanted to be as proud of them as Mrs. Gull, who lived in the next crag, was of her little son Beris.

"Beris and his mother have gone after sea pinks," she reminded them. "Let's fly down to that nearest clump. Now get on the edge of the nest, flap your wings, and call 'Caw, caw' again. It is not a bit hard when you try. Caw, caw!"

"Caw, caw!" the three little sea rooks cried obediently. They fluttered on to the edge of the nest and lifted their glossy black wings, then two of them fluttered back again. "We can't, Mother," they pleaded. "It is too far. The world is too big."

But the third little sea rook said nothing. He stood quite still and looked at the water that danced blue and green in the morning sunshine.

Only last night Mrs. Gull had told his mother that she had seen many waters in her travels quite as beautiful as this one, and though Mrs.



Rook had insisted, quite politely, of course, that she must be mistaken, the little rook, whose name was Llandaff, had not been convinced.

He wanted to travel on his own account and see what the world was like. No doubt it was big, but he liked big things. He meant to be big himself—the biggest sea rook along the Welsh coast.

A breeze blew in from the sea, stirring his black plumage.

"Caw, caw!" he said to himself; his wings moved and the motion thrilled him. Was flying like that? He would try again.

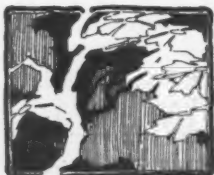
Up the crags a bit the sea pinks grew fresh—fragrant sea pinks. And Beris had flown to them, Beris who was not much older than he, and only a gull. Sea rooks should always be cleverer than gulls.

Again his wings stirred—spread—farther—farther. Llandaff perched on the outermost straw of the nest—swayed—then drew one long ecstatic breath.

"Caw, caw!" he called again, loudly, proudly, this time. "Mother, I am coming. Wait for me. Caw, caw!"

His wings spread wide—wide—flapped—then spread again. The nest was far behind him. The blue sky was above—the bluer sea below—the brilliant air on every side. He was not at all afraid. He skimmed over the crags as lightly, almost as fast, as his mother. He felt that he never wanted to stop. Llandaff had learned to fly.

Soon he found himself pausing at a steep crag to peck at the heart of a delicate sea pink. Beris was not far off and the little rook kept his eye on him while he listened to what his mother said.



This was a lovely spot, Mother had told him, and sea pinks were delicious, but if he ever came alone, he must stay on the crags that overhung the sea, and never—never on any account—venture on to the moor, at least not until he was much older and able to fly very much faster.

"Why not?" asked Llandaff, who did not always obey without asking questions.

"Because the children play on the moor," said Mother. "Mr. Jonathan Hare tells me they are not always good to animals. They keep birds in prison, and he says that they caught a second cousin of his when he was very young, and he has never been allowed to come back to his family since."

Llandaff listened but did not speak. Down in his heart he was sure that the hare's second cousin must have been very stupid, and he was inclined to believe that a bird who was kept prisoner must be timid like his brother and sister in the nest at home. He was not afraid to go anywhere himself, certainly not anywhere that Beris would go, but he didn't intend to tell his mother so.

"Good morning," said a strange voice, and the little sea rook turned to see who had spoken. It was Mr. Jonathan Hare, of whom his mother had spoken, who had also come to gather sea pinks. Llandaff knew this hare lived close by in the moor, but he had never seen him before.

"What a curious looking person he is," he whispered to his mother. "He has no wings—what happened to them?"

"Hush, hush," she answered in the same low tone. "He will think you are rude if you talk

about him. Hares do not have wings, but their legs are much stronger than ours, and they can run almost as fast as we can fly. Eat your pinks so that we shall be ready to go home with Mrs. Gull and Beris—I am going over to speak to them now." Then aloud she said very politely:

"Good morning, Mr. Hare. How are you to-day?"

"Quite well," replied the hare, but his tone was sad and he sighed deeply. "I came to get fresh pinks for my wife. Yesterday I scoured the vicarage garden and even ventured into the one at the manor, hoping that I might find something specially delicate to tempt her appetite. Then I remembered the sea pinks were in bloom, so I am here. It is possible she will fancy them."

"I certainly hope she will," said Mother Rook. She flitted off to join the gulls, calling to Llandaff to follow, but he lingered for a moment.

"These pinks near me are nicer than yours, Mr. Hare," he said. Llandaff was not at all a shy little bird. "Don't you think Mrs. Hare would rather have them?"

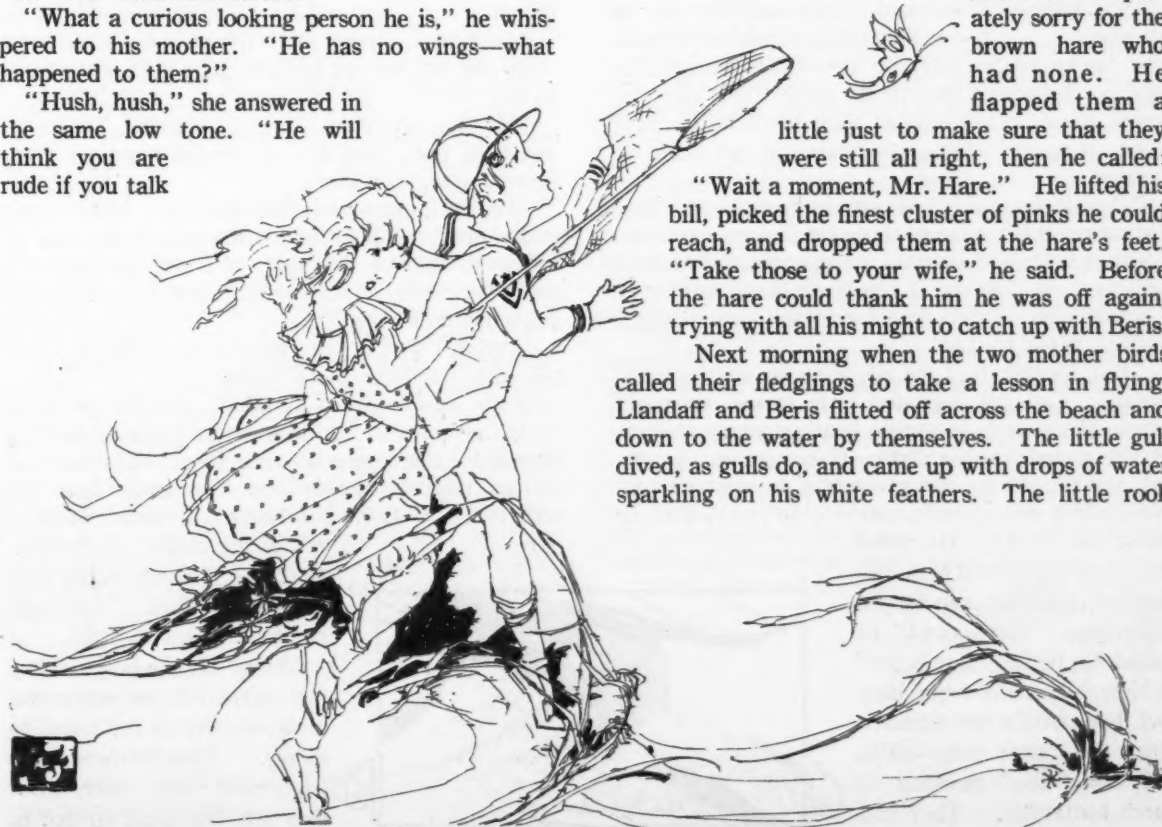
"Perhaps she would," said the hare, "but I cannot climb so far. She will have to be content with these," and he sighed again.

Llandaff remembered his shining black wings which had carried him so easily from crag to crag, and he felt desperately sorry for the brown hare who had none. He flapped them a

little just to make sure that they were still all right, then he called:

"Wait a moment, Mr. Hare." He lifted his bill, picked the finest cluster of pinks he could reach, and dropped them at the hare's feet. "Take those to your wife," he said. Before the hare could thank him he was off again, trying with all his might to catch up with Beris.

Next morning when the two mother birds called their fledglings to take a lesson in flying, Llandaff and Beris flitted off across the beach and down to the water by themselves. The little gull dived, as gulls do, and came up with drops of water sparkling on his white feathers. The little rook



skimmed the waves, and fluttered his wings, calling, "Caw, caw" in a lusty voice. He felt quite grown up now.

"Isn't it absurd," said Beris, "for you and me, who can fly as well as anybody, to stay around home? Let's go somewhere else. I can fly any distance, can't you?"

"I can fly to the crags where the sea pinks grow," said Llandaff. The two little birds looked at each other and their eyes got big.

"Shall we?" said Beris.

"Shall we?" said Llandaff.

There were two subdued calls—two flutters—two whirls of wings and two little birds, one black as night, one as white as snow, darted through the air—up—up—toward the blue sky.

"Caw, caw," cried Mother Rook. "Where can those children be going?" Her tone was anxious, but Mother Gull, tired from the morning's lesson, did not even turn her head.

"Let them go," she said, "they can take care of themselves." On, on through the sunshine, without one backward glance, the two little adventurers flew. Clusters of sea pinks grew fresh and fragrant on the crags, and at sight of them, Llandaff gave an ecstatic caw, but Beris did not seem so pleased.

"Pooh!" he said. "We can have pinks any day. I'd rather catch some of those fat flies on the moor. Exercise in the salt air gives me an appetite. Mother said so. She told me if I kept on being so hungry I would have to find food for myself, and I might as well begin to-day."

"But Mother told me never to go on the moor alone." Llandaff hesitated. He looked longingly across the stretch of purple heather where swarms of flies buzzed in the sunlight. They were very tempting, and the salt air had given him an appetite too. No children were in sight, and he didn't want Beris to think him a muff. He raised his glossy black head with sudden determination, and flapped his wings. "Caw, caw!" he called to Beris. "Let's go."

Now all might have been well had not the two children from the manor come on to the moor that morning to catch butterflies. They had



thrown their nets over several gauzy-winged, bright-hued creatures, but were not satisfied. For some time they had been in pursuit of one great crimson fellow who had made up his mind not to be caught.

At length even he got

tired and stopped to rest on a clump of heather, close to the spot where Llandaff and Beris were feasting.

Softly the children crept along with their nets raised, and then, just as they reached the butterfly, they spied the birds. The boy looked at his sister and she nodded. The nets swept noiselessly through the air—the crimson butterfly fluttered away unharmed. Beris gave a wild cry, struggled—and soared off toward the sea. But Llandaff—Llandaff was a prisoner.

"Caw, caw!" he shrieked shrilly. He pecked wildly at the meshes of the net with his bill, and caught at the threads with his sharp little claws, but all to no purpose. The boy laughed aloud with delight.

"Isn't he a strong little fellow?" he asked. "I wish you had not let the gull go. Girls are always so silly."

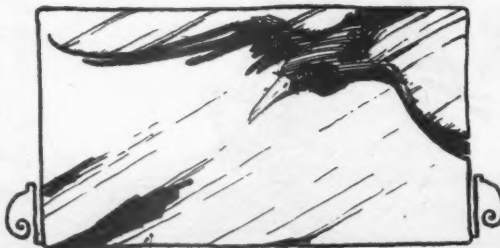
"He was so strong," the girl pleaded. "I could not hold him. Besides, it seemed cruel. I can't bear to shut up a bird."

"Pshaw," answered his brother, "they don't really mind. I have heard that sea rooks can be taught to do most anything. I'll put this chap in a box with plenty of air to-night, and to-morrow I'll begin his education."

"Perhaps we can take him to town with us. No sea rook was ever there before."

"Caw, caw!" wailed Llandaff. He did not know what town meant, but he was sure it was something dreadful if there were no rooks there. Oh, why had he not minded Mother and kept away from the moor? He wondered if Beris had flown home to tell of his plight. If he had, of course, Mother would soon come to free him. There was comfort in this thought.

Meanwhile the boy, holding fast to the net, ran across the moor, calling to his sister to follow. Llandaff was more frightened than ever when they left the great stretch of



heather and turned into a shady lane. And when they crawled through an opening in a hawthorn hedge, and stepped into a big garden, he began to caw pitifully. He was sure Mother could never find him now.

From the garden, the children passed through a wicket gate on the left and crossed a plat of green grass. Two dogs came bounding toward them, barking and leaping. They sniffed inquiringly at the butterfly net and poor little Llandaff's heart almost stopped beating, he was so alarmed.

Presently he was slipped from the net into a queer box, perched on top of a pole. There was a cup of water and some grains of barley beside him, and before he could do more than utter a despairing "caw," a piece of coarse netting was fastened over the open side of the box. He was not hurt, but, oh, so scared, and there was no possible way for him to get out.

The children ran off, saying they would leave him to get used to his new home. Llandaff crouched in one corner in a miserable little heap and trembled violently. He felt sure he would never get used to such a queer, cramped place.

When the children came back after several hours, he was still in his corner and had not eaten or drunk anything. The little girl was so sorry for him that she begged her brother to let him go, but the boy shook his head. "Birds are always shy at first," he said.

The sea rook would be all right to-morrow.

Toward sunset Llandaff crept from his corner and pecked at the barley. He was hungry and the grains were very good, though not so delicate as sea pinks. Nobody came near and nothing hurt him, so he hopped boldly to the open side of the box and pressed against the netting.

Not far off, in an enclosure near the fence corner, were several brown hares who looked as though they might be related to Mr. Jonathan. Perhaps they would be friendly, thought Llandaff.

"Caw, caw!" he called timidly, and the largest hare stopped nibbling a piece of fresh green parsley, and looked at him. "Where am I?" asked Llandaff. "Why did these children bring me here?"

"You are at the manor," said the brown hare. "I suppose the children brought you here because they wanted another pet. They have only the dogs and ponies and us since the cat ran away, and the parrot died. Don't you like your house?"

"It's too little, and Mother isn't here," quavered Llandaff. "I want to fly and skim the waves and eat sea pinks. They are the best things in the world—far better than flies."

"I have found the parsley sprigs more nourishing," said the hare, "but of course that is a matter of taste. I like the manor myself, but then, you see, I was born here. My grandfather was the first brown hare to live in this hutch, and he always said our branch of the family was far more fortunate than the one that is on the moor."

"Mr. Jonathan Hare lives on the moor. Is he a relative of yours?" asked Llandaff eagerly.

"A distant one," said the hare condescendingly.

"Sometimes he comes this way to get parsley for his wife. I did not know you were a friend of his."

"Oh, yes," said Llandaff, and added mournfully, "I wish he would come here to-night. He might tell Mother where to find me."

"Well, if I see him I'll mention what you say," returned the hare, "but really I think you will like it here in time." Then he went on nibbling parsley and paid no more attention to Llandaff.

The poor little sea rook sat by the netting, and looked out from his prison across the moor. How he longed to be sailing across the purple heather—up—up to the crags. What would he not give to be in the nest, watching from its safe shelter the golden sunset glinting on the green and blue and purple waves of the beloved Irish Sea!

He shivered when the wonderful northern twilight gathered about him. This was the time when he was accustomed to nestle under Mother's tender wing. How he wished he might see her flying over the hawthorn hedge, calling her cheering caw!

His cries attracted the attention of the gardener, who went in search of the children. When they heard that their new pet was crying they said he must be cold, and took the box down from the pole and put it in a sheltered corner of the hawthorn hedge. Then they ran away again.

Poor little Llandaff was so worn out with terror and excitement that he soon fell asleep. He was dreaming of the nest in the crags, and then he was sure he heard some one calling him. The dream was so distinct that he awoke and looked about him.

It was very dark and still everywhere. Two or three stars twinkled overhead. He listened anxiously and heard an odd little scratching sound, and then a voice that was strangely familiar whispered, "Llandaff—Llandaff, where are you?"

"Right here in this queer box," answered Llandaff. He peered out, and saw Mr. Jonathan Hare in the shadow, his whiskers trembling with excitement.

"I can't get out," cried Llandaff. "Oh, help me!"

"There, there, don't get excited; I'll have you free in a moment," whispered the kind hare, and with two snips of his sharp teeth, he cut the net and the prisoner was free. "Quick! On my back!"

Llandaff crouched on the hare's soft, broad back and away they raced through the fragrant night.

They reached the moor just as the faint pink dawn glowed in the East, and on the cliffs, surrounded by anxious friends and sympathetic neighbors, was Llandaff's mother, flying to and fro and calling, "Caw—caw—Son—Son—where are you?"

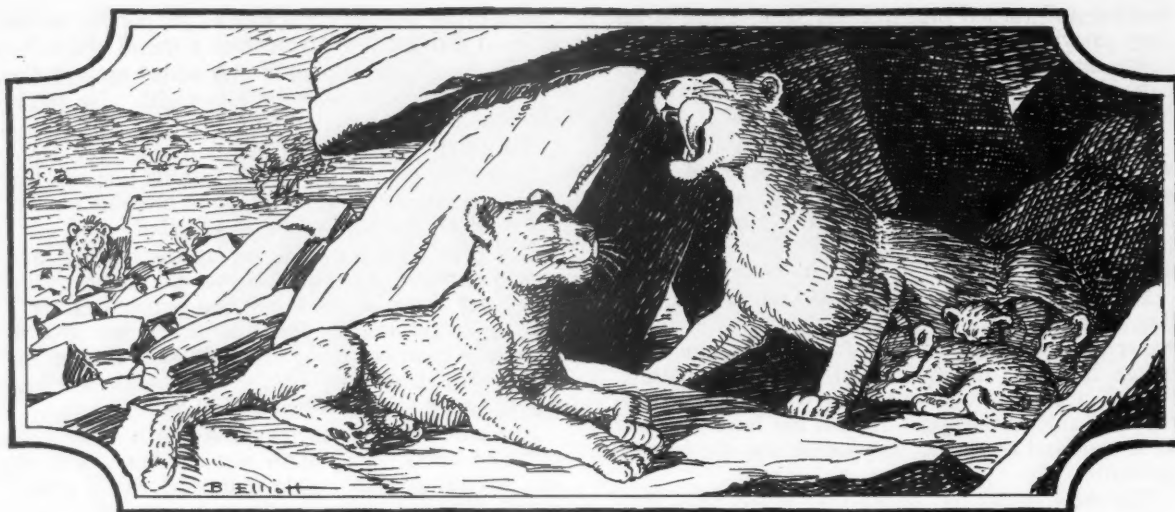
Suddenly she saw Llandaff, and with an ecstatic cry, flew to meet him.

"Mother, what would I have done, had kind Mr. Jonathan not saved me?" wept Llandaff, as he cuddled close under Mother's beautiful shining wing.

"Dear, honored Mr. Jonathan," began Mother.

But Jonathan Hare, like many another hero, disliked publicity, and was already far away, hopping nimbly along in the purple-heathered distance, looking for fresh pinks for his wife.





LION JUNIOR

OVER the ridge of rock which shelters our family

By EDYTH KAIGH-EUSTACE

The African explorer and huntress whose studies of the jungle animals are internationally known in both film and story

when I have teeth like those! Then she came out of the den, and we

den from the cold night wind, there fell softly a broad shaft of red light. It fell full upon Mother's face; she winked and yawned, and passed her tongue round and round her mouth and nose, then rubbed her eyes with her great paws; she was waking up from her long day sleep, which she needs because she and Father nearly always hunt by night.

She looked at me, and at my little brothers and sisters who were all still asleep, being much younger than I. I do not sleep in the den with the babies, but outside on the ledge of rock because I am nearly a year old, yet I am not able to live and hunt by myself for the reason that I have not yet cut all my grown-up teeth; my first teeth are so fragile that my parents still have to provide me with food; if they did not or I were left to myself, I should in all probability starve to death.

The setting sun, having given Mother the signal that hunting time was near, and that my father would soon be calling for her, she rose, stretched herself, and yawned so widely that I could see every sharp, glistening tooth in her mouth. How proud I shall be

sat down together on the rock, waiting for Father.

He had been out scouting for game to-day; it is the beginning of the rainy season, and the ground is cooler now than it has been for the last six months; so he does not mind walking about in daytime.

During the dry season when the ground is baked hard, and is very, very hot, he will not walk abroad in daylight, because his feet are very sensitive, and would suffer a great deal from the hot earth and rocks. That is why in the rainy season you will sometimes see a whole family of us basking in the sun, but always upon ground which is rather soft.

Mother is beautiful to look at with her slim head, smooth coat, and long tail with the restless, nervous tip. Just then Father, with leaps and bounds, came over the huge slabs of rock which lie below our den. I am quite sure you never saw anyone so splendid in all your life; but even I can see that he looks very terrible, and I am sure that if I were not his son, I should be dreadfully afraid of him. He stands about three and a quarter

feet high at his shoulder, and his mane is long and thick and dark. Though it makes him look very grand, it is there, not for ornament, but use. You see, Father has a very imperious nature, and sometimes when he meets other lions, he fights with them, and I can assure you that two lions fighting is a wonderful and a terrible sight, because each one is generally as brave as the other, and the great mane that they grow on their neck and shoulders is there for a protection during these battles. A lion with a strong, thick mane is far more likely to win, should he fight with another who has a thin, poor mane. We have some first cousins who are called Bush or Forest lions. They have very little mane, and what they have generally gets rubbed and worn away by their constant passing through thorn, and scrub bushes. One of these would not have so good a chance as my Father, who is a plains lion.

We live upon zebra, which is our favorite food, and antelope, but the forest lion can generally manage to catch nothing much larger than bush pig, as antelope and zebra do not live in the thick jungle, but more in the open spaces where they can run and jump.

Father landed with a bound beside us, and Mother nuzzled him, rubbing her soft head against his shoulder, but always with her head towards his; she does this for a reason. Sometimes Father feels a little cross, like all the rest of us, and then if Mother were to be

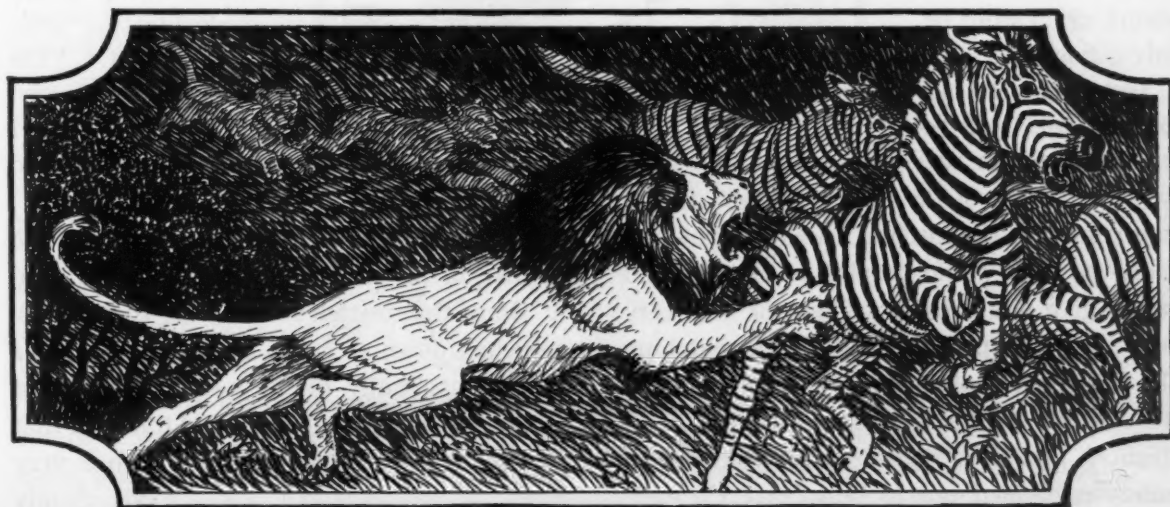
rubbing her head along him the other way, he *might* turn and nip her on the flank. Mother knows this, and though she loves Father very much, she takes no chances.

"I am glad you have come, Leo, my dear," she said. "What do you say to our taking Leopi (I am Leopi) out hunting to-night for the first time?" Father thought this was a good idea, so we started off.

"Come," said Mother to me, "and I shall teach you how to drive game. Where will you lie up, Leo?"

Father stalked majestically to where two large mimosa thorn bushes stood rather alone on the plain, and placed himself in the deep shadow which lay between them; he hid himself so well that I ran round the bushes to find out where he had gone. Mother scolded me, and told me to come back and keep quiet; then she took me away up wind. When we had walked two or three miles Mother said, "Hush." Then she put her head down to the ground and began to roar; then she ran a little farther up wind, and roared again.

Then I heard a hurry and skurry of hoofs, and two or three zebras, going home rather late, galloped past us very quickly in the direction in which Father lay hiding in his bushes. Mother and I ran after them; bounding along, we drove them before us, and before they knew what was going to happen, Father had leaped from his cover and secured our very tempting supper.





away from a circus. Joe and I were sitting in the grape arbor in his father's garden that evening. The vines grow so thick around the arbor that nobody could see us inside.

The big bird looked over the fence a minute. Then he hopped over the gate. He didn't know that we were there. We kept perfectly quiet. He picked a bunch of Catawba grapes and began eating them. Then he saw the sweet corn that Joe and Susan had planted. He ate two ears of the corn. Joe didn't like that. Neither would Susan have liked it if she had seen the bird doing it. But Joe whispered to me, "Don't scare him off; perhaps we can catch him." So we didn't say a word or stir a finger.

Next thing the big bird did was to drink up the water in Sandy's tin pan. The pan was at the foot of the kitchen steps. Sandy had gone into the kitchen, thinking that perhaps the cook would be glad to see him and would give him a bone. The cook was very busy, however, peeling potatoes and watching the beefsteak cooking on the stove. Sandy wagged his tail to the cook but she said, "Scat," just as though Sandy were a cat. Sandy pretended not to hear her. He gave

OSTRICH

By HENRY B. MASON

JOE and I were very much surprised when we saw the ostrich that had run

himself a little shake, put his front paws on the window sill and looked out into the yard.

Sandy was quite provoked to see his pan of water being drunk up by the ostrich. Sandy made one jump out of the open window. He landed in a rose bush. The thorns scratched his nose. This made Sandy still more provoked. He fell out of the bush but

landed on his feet and rushed at the ostrich. The ostrich gave Sandy a kick which sent Sandy tumbling head over heels. It didn't really hurt Sandy. But it hurt his feelings. The ostrich lifted up his wings, so as to help himself in running. He made a hop, skip and jump. The jump took him over the back gate. Then he ran down the alley into the night. It was growing pretty dark by this time.

Joe said, "Oh dear, I love Sandy, but I wish he hadn't

poked his nose into this business and scared the ostrich away."

Just then Sandy ran up to us with an ostrich feather in his mouth. Sandy had snatched it from the ostrich's wing as the ostrich crouched down to jump over the gate. We knew that Sandy didn't mean to spoil our sport. So we patted Sandy and told him that he was a pretty good dog, not such a very good dog just then, but pretty good. Sandy





afterwards gave the ostrich plume to Joe's mother. She had it dyed green and sewed to the green velvet hat, which she wears to church sociables. The hat used to have a sil-

ver buckle but the ostrich plume is more stylish. Susan wears the buckle now in her gray bicycle cap.

I said to Joe, "Don't feel bad about the ostrich. The ostrich found such good things to eat in your garden that he will probably be back to-morrow evening."

Then we began to plan how we could catch the ostrich.

Rather late the next afternoon Joe and I climbed into the elm tree which grows near the sweet corn. We had slip-nooses in our hands. There we waited for that ostrich.

Sure enough, when it began to grow dark, the ostrich came again. He stood perfectly still on the sidewalk, looking over the fence. Joe and I were perching perfectly still in the elm tree. Presently the ostrich hopped over the gate, walked along the gravel path and came to the grape arbor. This time he took a bunch of Isabella grapes because they are sweeter than Catawba. He looked into the kitchen window to see if Sandy was there. Sandy was not there. Joe had tied Sandy to the bed-post in his room, but gave him a dog biscuit to amuse himself with. Sandy played that the dog biscuit was a rat. Sandy shook the dog biscuit violently, then rolled it over with his paws, and finally ate it up. The reason Joe tied Sandy was so he wouldn't scare away that ostrich again.

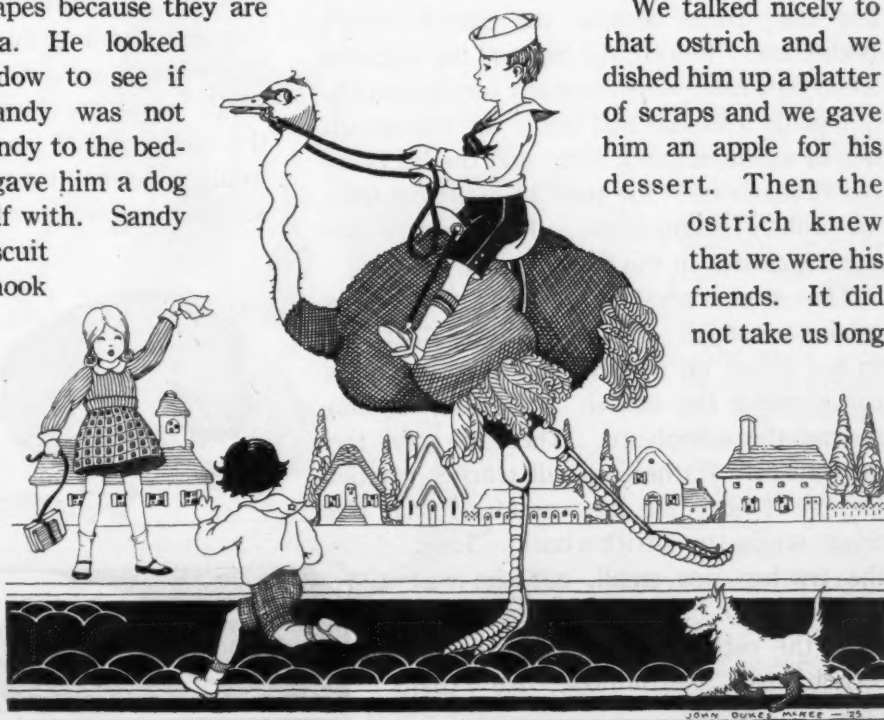
I don't think that the ostrich was ever very much scared any time. When

the ostrich saw that Sandy wasn't there this time, the ostrich smiled to himself and drank up the fresh water which the cook had poured into Sandy's tin pan. I guess that the ostrich was thinking of the kick that he gave to Sandy.

The leaves on the elm tree were not very thick. The ostrich saw that there was something in the tree. It was so dark by this time, however, that the ostrich, after looking a minute, concluded that Joe and I were only a couple of turkeys, roosting on a branch. The ostrich wasn't afraid of turkeys, because he is so much bigger than they. The next thing the ostrich did was to feed on Joe's and Susan's sweet corn.

Now was the time for us to let down our slip-nooses. Joe's caught around the ostrich's neck, mine around his tail. We pulled quickly. The nooses tightened. The ostrich was caught. We tied the end of one slip-noose to the elm tree and the end of the other slip-noose to the post by the well, near the chicken coop.

We talked nicely to that ostrich and we dished him up a platter of scraps and we gave him an apple for his dessert. Then the ostrich knew that we were his friends. It did not take us long





to tame him. We made a stable for him out of the old wooden chicken coop. The ostrich had to crouch a little until the carpenter made the coop high enough so that the ostrich could stand up straight. There was a hen setting on a dozen eggs in the old coop. We let her stay there because the ostrich didn't bother her. Indeed, the hen and the chickens when they came were company for the ostrich.

I made a saddle and bridle for the ostrich out of a belt, a trunk strap and the leg of an old riding boot. Joe took the stirrups from his broken rocking-horse. Joe practiced riding the ostrich in the back yard.

That was a great day when Joe rode his ostrich to school. How the children did shout to see a boy on a bird! Joe gave the girls turns riding the ostrich while Joe led him around the schoolyard. Then Joe gave the boys turns. Rather a small teacher wanted to take a ride, but Joe was afraid that she might strain the ostrich's back. True, the teacher was small, but she was quite plump. So the teacher only gave the ostrich a popcorn ball. The ostrich made a little noise, like "thank you."

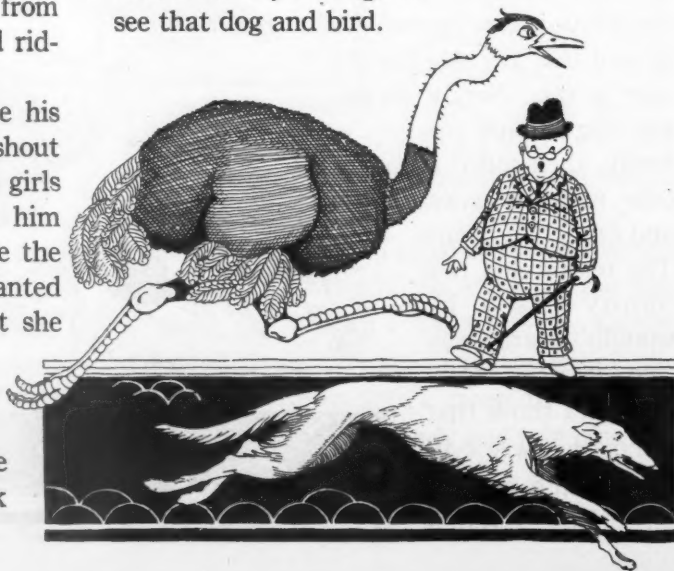
Joe rides that ostrich to school every pleasant day. Then Joe gives the ostrich a friendly tap. At that the ostrich trots home by himself. Sometimes the dogs chase the ostrich, but he can easily outrun them, all except one.

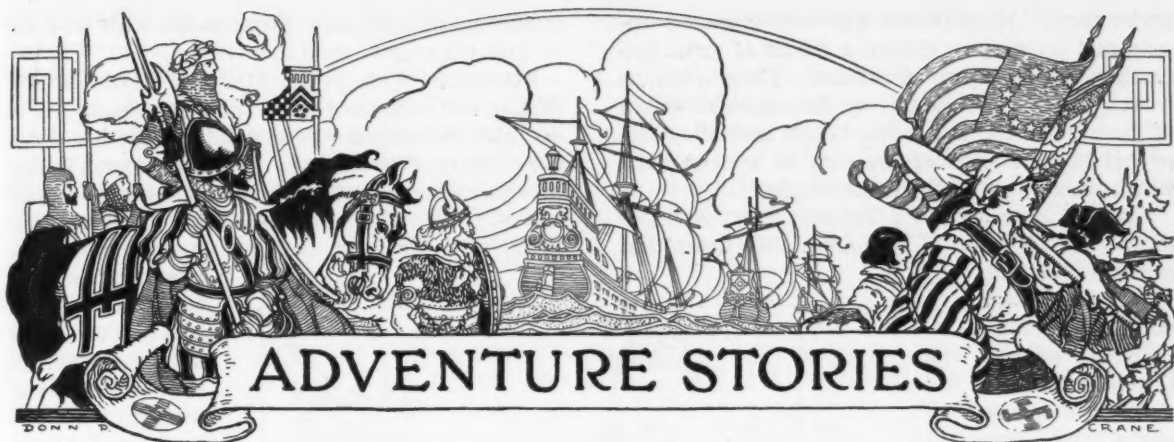
He's a Russian wolfhound, but very good-natured. He lives in the large red brick house across the street from the public square. He has a Russian name, something like Moskvovich. I can't pronounce it. The boys can't either and they call him Jack. He answers to either name. Jack and the ostrich have been friends ever since they first met. They like to run races. Jack is generally one paw ahead at the finish.

On the other hand, the ostrich is the best jumper. There is a band stand in the middle of the square. The ostrich jumps onto the roof of the band stand. Jack tries to do so but lands on the floor, instead.

Then the ostrich cranes his long neck and looks Jack in the eye, as much as to say, "Aha, my lad, you may beat me running but I can jump higher." I think it's the best way—for one of them to be first in one thing and the other first in the other thing.

Oh, I forgot to say that the ostrich and Sandy have become the best of friends. They pick at the same bone—ostriches will eat anything—and drink from the same pan. The ostrich walks to the front steps, where Sandy waits for him. Sandy scrambles on the ostrich's back and takes a nice ride. It would make you laugh to see that dog and bird.





MORE ADVENTURES OF TOM TRIPP

WHAT HAS HAPPENED IN
PART I

By MOLLY WINSTON PEARSON

Tom Tripp, a child star in the movies, while on a visit to his Grandpa Kearns' ranch, spends most of his time playing with Dolf and Marty Smith, two little country boys who come to stay with him at the ranch. They play at acting in the moving pictures, but Tom Tripp soon tires of this and longs for real adventures. So when Grandpa Kearns and Pa Smith take a truck-load of peppermint to the city of Barkers-town, Tom, Dolf and Marty stow away in the back of the truck and start on their secret quest for adventures. They shut Wattie, the dog, up in the barn at home, but he breaks loose and follows, and Grandpa Kearns takes the big collie into the driver's seat.

PART II

TOM TRIPP carefully raised his head and looked out over the tail-board of the truck. He could see they were nearing the outskirts of the city. He twisted himself around and peered out ahead.

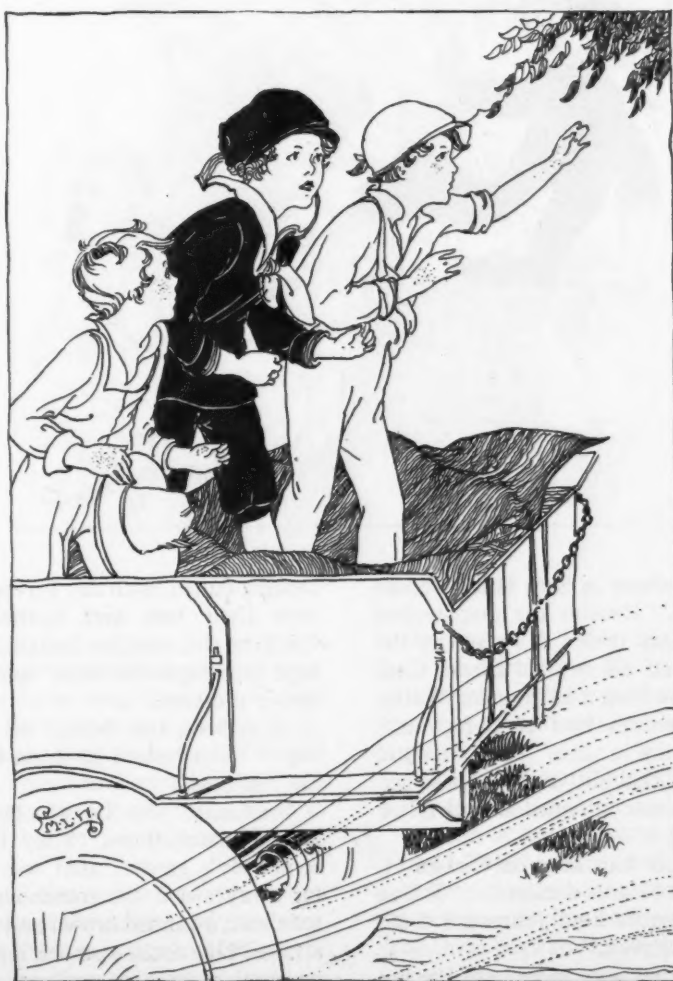
"Say, fellas," he said in a loud

whisper, "we got to get out-a here. There's a big tree coming—it's up the road a piece. There's some long, low branches hanging down. Now here's what let's do: When the truck goes under, we'll

grab the branches and hang on. Grandpa Kearns might come back here and find us if we wait till he stops the truck somewhere in town. Now be ready, you chaps; we're nearly there. Be sure you don't miss; try to get hold up high and hang on tight."

"Hope Watt doesn't see us and raise a racket," muttered Dolf, as they sat up cautiously and prepared for their flight.

But there was no time to reckon the risk. The big moment had come. The boys sprang up in frantic haste and all three grabbed—alas, the same slender, overhanging branch of an elm tree by the roadside, as the truck rolled away from



under them. Immediately there was a great snapping and popping as though a bunch of giant fire-crackers were going off all at once. The elm branch was ripped clean off the tree by the combined weight of the three lads, and boys, bough and all disappeared like a shot over the edge of a steep bank which sheered off at the roadside there.

Grandpa Kearns and Pa Smith up front, trying to drown out the noise of the motor in a warm and earnest discussion of politics, heard nothing of the loud cracking of the elm branch or the smothered squeals of the boys. But Wattie, who was lying with one ear cocked and a weather eye out for demonstrations from the back of the truck—Wattie heard and Wattie saw. With one tremendous flying leap, the big collie took the air and disappeared, too, barking wildly, over the edge of the bank. Much annoyed, Grandpa Kearns stopped the truck and whistled and called, but Wattie's bark only grew fainter and farther away and presently ceased altogether.

"Well, it's no use getting out and trying to find him here," said Grandpa Kearns at last. "Don't know where in Sam Hill he could have gone to so quick. Reckon the dog-stealers will get him for sure this time. I'll stop at the police station in town and ask my old friend, Captain Sid, to have his boys keep a lookout for Wattie to-day. Maybe they can get him back for me."

"Sorry I didn't grab him in time," Pa Smith said apologetically. "Never thought of his flying out o'here so sudden. He must 'a' spied a squirrel or a bobcat."

"Well, we'll have to let him keep on chasing it, whatever it is," Grandpa Kearns declared. "We've got to mosey along. I wrote Lem Johnson I'd see him about that deal at eleven."

So the engine was started once more, and the big

truck bowled along into Barkerstown with no collie or boy passengers aboard.

Meanwhile Tom Tripp, Dolf and Marty Smith, Wattie the collie, and the broken elm bough—all in one glorious mix-up—were skidding together down the steep bank of a ravine. The elm branch finally became entangled in some small bushes and stopped behind. Tom Tripp and the other boys tried frantically to do the same, but they were going too fast.

Nothing could stop them. On and on they rolled until they reached the top of what seemed to be a low garden wall. Over this they bounced, and all of them landed as neatly as possible right in the middle of somebody's pansy bed.

That was a bad day for the pansies, to be sure—what with three boys and a dog rolling around wildly in them. Wattie, the collie, recovered himself first and, barking more excitedly than ever, began to jump round and round the tangle of boys' legs and arms wriggling in the pansy bed. Finally Tom Tripp and Dolf and Marty Smith struggled right side up, spluttering and red-faced.

They were a wild-

looking bunch, with dry leaves and grass sticking all over their hair and clothes. Wattie, evidently thinking this another installment of a grand frolic, kept nipping at the boys' legs as if to call attention to his presence.

"I'm here, too, boys," his bark said as plain as day. "I'm here; I'm in on this. You can't leave me out now."

Gradually, the boys collected their wits and looked about them. They had rolled down into somebody's garden, that was plain; and there not far away stood the somebody—a slim, tall young man with a tanned brown and ruddy face. He wore a faded blue artist's smock and was standing before an easel, staring in amazement at his unexpected



visitors, his brush still poised in mid air. Then his merry brown eyes began to twinkle.

"Raining boys and dogs to-day, is it?" he inquired.

"Yes, sir—no, sir!" stammered Tom Tripp. Then to cover his confusion, he grabbed at the yelping collie. "Keep still, Watt, you nut, can't you? We locked him up in the barn, but he got away. He ran after us miles and miles," he explained.

"Where were you all going so fast, if my pansy bed hadn't stopped you?" asked the young man pleasantly.

Tom Tripp and Dolf Smith hung their heads in silence, but little Marty piped up bravely, "We're knights, trying to find adventures. We snuck away in Grandpa Kearns' truck to find adventures. He wouldn't have let us go along with him for fear Tom Tripp would be kidnaped. So we didn't ask him."

"Yes," Dolf added earnestly, "this here is Tom Tripp, the Bad Boy of the Movies, and if some kidnapers get him, he can't be in the movies any more."

"So you all turned into brave knights and came along anyhow," chuckled the young man. "Well, how do you like it so far—seeking adventures, I mean?"

"Great!" Tom Tripp replied instantly. "Say, Mister, you ought to have seen Grandpa Kearns chasing Wattie when he caught up with the truck. Watt wanted to get in the back with us, and he and Grandpa Kearns ran round and round—oh, 'twas just like a two-reel comedy. You know I used to play in two-reel stuff before I began to do leads in the five-reel."

The boys, regaining their courage and spirits, had been slowly closing in on the artist and his easel. They stood still now, gazing in fascination at the picture he was painting of a big Indian brave in

war paint and feathers, poised on the edge of a great canyon.

"Say, you can draw a picture!" Dolf Smith exclaimed in an awe-struck voice.

The young man laughed and threw down his brushes. "Look here, fellows," he proposed, "I used to like playing at being a knight. Let me in on this game of yours, won't you?"

"Sure thing!" said Tom Tripp promptly. "You can be King Arthur and send us out on adventures, you know. We need a king in our business."

"That's the stuff," the young man agreed heartily. "So give us the grip, pals!" He held out his hand, which the boys shook solemnly.

"And you won't let any bad men kidnap Tom Tripp, will you, King Arthur?" said Dolf Smith, who had been worrying about that very thing all along.

"By my hali-dome, no!" the monarch cried and clapped his hand to his side where his sword would have been if he'd had one. "Now, Sir Tom Tripp, I prithee, lead thy brother knights to yon vine-covered arbor in our royal garden, and be seated all at our

famous Round Table there. 'Tis my thought a little refreshment will fit us well for further knightly adventures. My trusty henchman from Japan shall straightway raid the royal larder for lemonade and sugar cookies."

"Whoop-ee, kids!" burst then and there uproariously from King Arthur's gallant knights.

A little later that jovial potentate presided at the Round Table and beamed upon his knights as the last sugar cooky disappeared and the last drop of lemonade was drained from the big brown pitcher. The three boys stretched themselves and sighed with utter bliss and contentment.



THE TOYTOWN TATTLER

By Alfred Wideman



Price 4 Gumdrops

JOSEPHINA JINGLEJIGGERS WORKS AS BOOKMARK

Isn't it a terrible misfortune to be flat? Not "flat broke," you understand, nor "flat on your back," nor "seven-room flat," but just plain flat, without any trimmings. At least that's the way Josephina Jinglejiggers feels about it. And Josephina knows what she's talking about, being made of paper, than which there is nothing flatter.

Josephina believes in helping her little mamma; she makes herself useful as well as ornamental by acting as bookmark for the little girl, who is very fond of reading. While the other paper dolls are amusing themselves by such idle pastimes as reading the printed matter on each others' backs or with competitions to determine which of them can bend into the narrowest angle without making a crease, Josephina stands ready to jump into her little mamma's book and hold the place until the little girl wishes to continue the story.

Now, one day not long ago our little reader started to make some fudge (in the kitchen, of course, where all polite people make fudge). While the delicious mixture was boiling on the stove, the little lady went into the living room and picked up her book to continue a story about a bow-legged sea lion who was arrested for biting his grandmother's ear. Several pages later, just as the grandmother sea lion was about to be bitten in the ear by her other grandson, the young lady felt a tug at her sleeve.

"Please excuse me, but I think—that is I—well, I might say I'm sure I smell the fudge burning!" timidly suggested Josephina, wrinkling her paper mouth into accordion plaits in her excitement to convey the message.

"Oh, my good grasshoppers! So do I!" screamed the little girl. Josephina was ready. She sprang into the open book as her little

mamma banged it shut, threw it onto the chair, and raced to save the smoking candy.

Some minutes after, the young lady reappeared with a dishful of glistening chocolate squares which had been dramatically saved by the paper dolly's nose. The dish was placed on a table close by, and



the book was picked up. Alas, however, there was no trace of Josephina's smiling face to show where the story was to be resumed!

"Jo—seph—eeeeee—na!" called the little girl, nearly losing a mouthful of fudge crumbs in the attempt.

"Here I am!" answered a very tiny voice.

"Where?" called the little girl, after she had swallowed the fudge.

"In the book!" cried the tiny voice, "But I don't know just where. I jumped in so fast that I couldn't hold my head outside. It's awfully dark in here!"

"Are you close enough to a corner to see the page number?" asked the little girl.

"Yes, ma'am!" replied Josephina. "But it's so dark I can hardly read it. I think it's 126, though."

Hastily Josephina's little mamma turned to page 126. No Josephina! "Wrong number!" sang the girl, like the other end of a telephone.

"Well then, it looks like—my, but it's dark in here!—It looks like 226."

Page 226, when turned to, was as free from paper dolls as page 126.

"Try 236, then!" coughed Josephina. But there was nobody home at 236.

"It looks like—oh, I'm almost sure now it's 136!" sighed the dolly. At least, she began the sigh inside the book and finished it by blowing herself out violently, as the page turned to was the right one at last!

"Oh me, oh, my!" exclaimed Josephina, dizzily, "What an adventure!"

"Have a fudge crumb!" laughed the little girl as she continued the story about the seals and their ear-bitten grandmother.

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Do you blow bubbles in your milk? Do you hold your jelly-bean in the left paw? If you don't know the rules of society, write to-day for a copy of Mrs. Monkey Ticklemequickle's book, "The Polite Plaything." Price, bound in genuine bananaskin, 11 safety-pins.



Why shouldn't she be proud!



Naptha! You can tell by the smell

Fels-Naptha is more than soap. It is splendid soap and *naptha*—two safe, useful cleaners in one golden bar, working together to save you work, and to save wear-and-tear on clothes. Isn't this *extra* help worth a penny more a week?

Use water of any temperature with Fels-Naptha. Boil clothes with Fels-Naptha if you prefer. You are bound to get good results any way you use it. The real *naptha* in Fels-Naptha makes the dirt let go, no matter whether the water is cool, lukewarm or hot.

Be sure to include Fels-Naptha in the camp kit this Summer. It makes short work of cleaning clothes and dishes.

How mother delights in keeping the children's clothes ready for critical eyes! Spick-and-span! So beautifully clean that people look twice in admiration.

For a new experience she need only watch how quickly, how easily, how safely Fels-Naptha brings back the original brightness to children's soiled dresses and rompers.

With Fels-Naptha she can get this same deep, sparkling cleanliness in all her wash—because it has **extra washing-value that she cannot get in any other form.** That's why nothing can take the place of Fels-Naptha!

There's a very good reason why Fels-Naptha will give mother this *extra* washing-help. Fels-Naptha is splendid soap and *naptha*. By working together she can readily see how these two, safe, useful cleaners help each other to do quicker work. Isn't this *extra* help worth a penny more a week?

Millions of mothers wouldn't be without Fels-Naptha—not only for the weekly wash, but for general household cleaning.

Whether mother does the washing herself, or has it done for her, the *extra* helpfulness of Fels-Naptha is sure to be felt in the home! When mother realizes this she will want to get a bar or two from her grocer, and share Fels-Naptha's benefits!

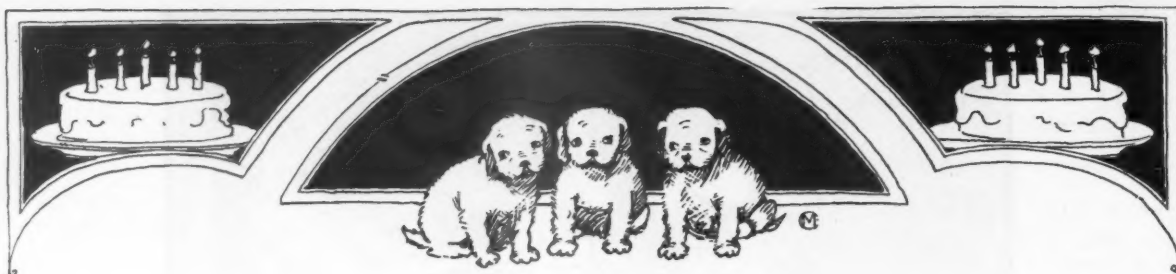
TEST the *extra* washing-value of Fels-Naptha. Send 2c in stamps for sample bar. Address Fels-Naptha Soap, Philadelphia.



The original and genuine *naptha* soap in the red-and-green wrapper. Buy it in the convenient ten-bar carton.

FELS-NAPTHA

THE GOLDEN BAR WITH THE CLEAN NAPTHA ODOR Fels & Co. Philadelphia



THE STORY OF THE THREE LITTLE DOGGIES

ONCE there were three little doggies, all brown and yellow and white and fuzzy.

One was named Brownie.

And one was named Laddie.

And one was named Bobs.

They lived on a big farm awa-ay out in the country, and they were just as happy as little doggies could possibly be.

One day the dog-store-man in the big city went out to the farm and gave the farmer some money, and took the three little doggies to the dog store.

And awa-ay on the other side of town, there lived a little boy named Billy, and it was almost time for Billy to be five years old.

So Billy's mother whispered to Billy's father, "For one of his birthday presents we'll buy a little dog for him to play with."

And Billy's father whispered to Billy's mother, "That will be just the thing."

So they went to the dog store and saw the three little brown and yellow and white and

By ALICE E. CARTLIDGE

fuzzy little doggies, and they were all three so

beautiful and cunning that it was hard to choose; but they finally chose the one named Brownie, tucked him in a little basket and took him home, where they hid him in the garage until Billy's birthday, and then, the very *first* thing in the morning, they took Billy out to see the little doggie.

Brownie had been a very lonesome little doggie and had cried himself to sleep at night, but as soon as Billy hugged him, he felt better.

"Oh!" said Billy. "He's the most be-u-ful present I have! What is his name, Father?"

"The dog-store-man said his name was Brownie," said Father.

Well, while they were eating breakfast, Uncle Jack's roadster chug-chugged up the driveway. Out jumped Uncle Jack with something in his arms—and *what* do you suppose it was?

It was a wee little doggie, all brown and yellow and white and fuzzy!

"Oh! Oh!" cried Billy, and he took it in his arms, but it wriggled so hard that he ran out and put it on the grass with Brownie.

"What is his name, Uncle Jack?" asked Billy.

"His name is Laddie," said Uncle Jack. "I knew Billy would like a puppy, and I found this beauty at the dog store."



Billy's father and mother laughed and took Uncle Jack out to see Brownie and Laddie frisking about, and then Uncle Jack laughed too.

But when he said, "I'll take him back to the city, and bring Billy something else," Billy begged. "Oh, *please* don't, Uncle Jack, I want both of them! Mayn't I keep *both* of them, Mother?"

His mother looked at his father, and his father looked at his mother. They smiled and they nodded, and Billy was dancing joyfully up and down, when they heard another automobile. So Billy's mother said,

"That must be Auntie Nell, so leave your doggies here, Honey-boy, and we'll bring her to see what a funny surprise you had."

So Billy left his two fuzzy brown and yellow and white puppies playing on the grass together, and hurried out front to where Auntie Nell was waiting.

When Auntie Nell saw them coming, she called, "Happy birthday, Billikins! Come and see what I've brought you!"

So Billy climbed up and looked in a box in the automobile, and—*what* do you think?

There, all cuddled up in a soft little brown and yellow and white and fuzzy ball, was a third little doggie, and he was sound asleep!

"What is his name?" asked Billy.

"The dog-store-man said his name was Bobs," said Auntie Nell.

"Oh! Oh! OH!" screamed Billy, and the little doggie waked up and began to bark, and *then* how the others laughed, while Auntie Nell looked surprised.

So they took Auntie Nell around the house, and Billy carried the little doggie that was named Bobs, and when Auntie Nell saw Brownie and Laddie scampering about, she laughed, too.

"Well, Billy, I'll bring you something else. What do you want?"

But Billy begged, "Mother, Mother, I want

them *all*! Oh, please, mayn't I have them all?"

And Billy's mother said to Billy's father, "It would be a pity to separate them again." And Billy's father, said, "Yes, it would. See how happy they are, together!" Then Billy knew what his mother would say next, so he just danced around, singing,

"Oh, goody, goody!
three little doggies,
all my very own!
This is the very best
birthday I ever had! The very best birthday I ever had! The very best birthday I ever had!" He sang it so loudly that his mother and father and his Auntie Nell and Uncle Jack laughed and put their fingers in their ears and begged him to stop.

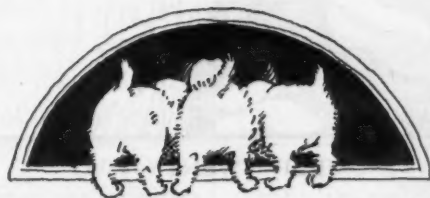
So Billy and the three little doggies rolled and tumbled on the lawn, and when Billy had his party and had ice cream and a big sunshine cake with five candles on it, all the little doggies had warm milk and crisp puppy biscuit.

And when night came, Billy's father took the little doggies and put them in a box of nice clean straw, out in the garage, and they all turned around in the box, and wagged their tiny tails and then curled up like three little fuzzy brown and yellow and white balls, and went sound asleep.

And then Billy said "Good night" to everybody, and his mother took him upstairs, and heard him say his prayers, and tucked him all cuddly in his bed, and kissed his eyelids

shut—and then Billy went sound asleep.

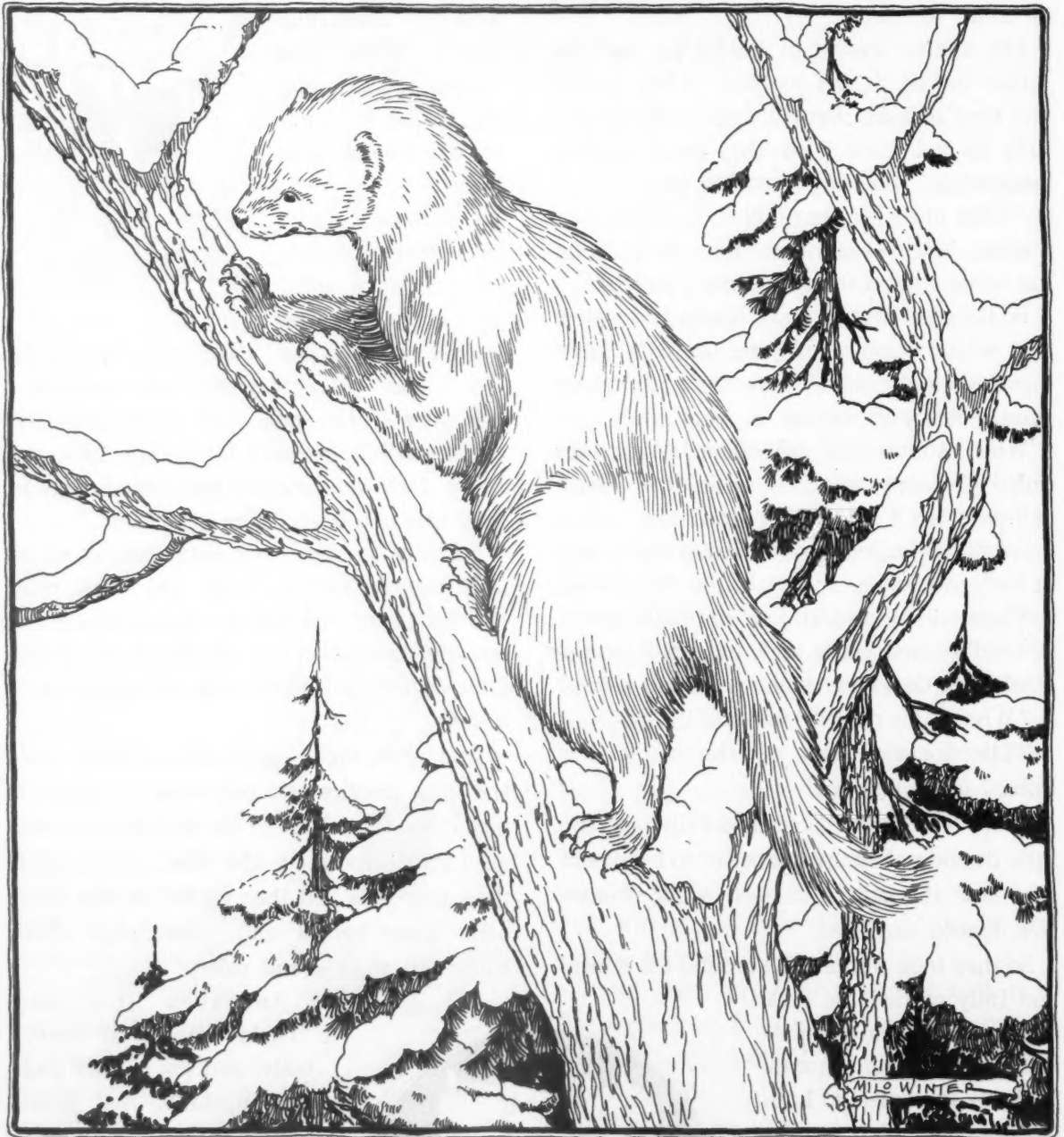
And that's all.





WHO'S WHO *in the* ZOO

Conducted by RUTH BRADFORD



NUMBER TWENTY-TWO

Dear Children: Read about me on page 421, then tell my name and color me in my really truly colors. Mail me so I'll reach Ruth Bradford, CHILD LIFE, 536 S. Clark Street, Chicago, Ill., before July 12. Be sure to send your name

and age and address with the page you color.

The best page and answer by a girl wins a prize, and so does the best page and answer by a boy. The boys and girls who do the next best pages and answers are listed on our Honor Roll.

WHO'S WHO IN THE ZOO

Number XX

By RUTH BRADFORD

I MAY be a little bit strutting, but—what other forest creature is so powerful and agile and swift as I am? I can leap from tree to tree and—would you believe it—I can catch squirrels and even martens, when I once make up my mind to it. And on the ground I can run fast—though not so fast as some animals. I'm so persistent and so tireless, though, that I can even capture those fleet snowshoe hares. So there!

Of course, you can see by this that I am a fearless hunter. Although the members of my immediate family are never more than three and a half feet long and never more than twenty pounds in weight, we can hold our own, I tell you, in fights with forest creatures several times our size.

We live in the forested parts of Canada and the United States—usually in a hollow high up in a tree. But we spend most of our time hunting, in regular "beats," for trapped animals and frogs and fishes and porcupines. Sometimes we wear porcupine quills all over us in memory of some prickly dispute with these little fellows.

There! Do you know my everyday name yet? Perhaps you've never heard of it, or of my scientific name either—which is *MUSTELA PENNANTI*.

We're awfully fond of the three or four babies we have every spring up in our tree-top home and we're rather proud of our fur that hunters like to sell—when they can get it. We're too fearless, though, for our own good, and there aren't enough of us nowadays to make you know us very well.

But we've been introduced to you now. Haven't we?



Out of this "Milk Can" comes the finest rubber in the world!

CANS just like milk cans—and filled with a white fluid that looks like milk.

It is a milky fluid that comes from beneath the bark of the rubber tree—and it is called latex.

When treated in certain ways latex hardens—just as the blood does that oozes out of a small cut—and that is how we get rubber.

From the largest orchard of rubber trees in the world—owned by the makers of Keds—comes the finest rubber ever made.

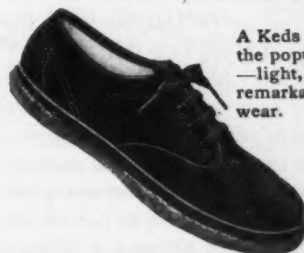
It's this rubber that makes the soles of your Keds shoes so springy—and at the same time so tough and hard to wear out. That's one reason why boys and girls like Keds better than other shoes. Another reason is that Keds are so cool and comfortable—just the shoes to play in all summer long.

Tell Mother when she buys you Keds always to look for the name Keds on the shoe—because if the name isn't there, then the shoes aren't Keds.

Keds are made only by the United States Rubber Company and are built especially for comfort and long wear.

The Keds Hand-Book of Sports contains interesting information on games, sports, camping and dozens of other subjects. Sent free if you address Dept. K-29, 1790 Broadway, New York City.

United States Rubber Company



A Keds Moccasin with the popular crepe sole—light, springy, and remarkable for long wear.



Keds

Trademark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

*They are not Keds unless the name
Keds is on the shoe*

A COÖPERATIVE FOURTH

By CLARA INGRAM JUDSON

IT CERTAINLY is a success!" sighed Mrs. Exton in happy fatigue as she surveyed the debris of the Fourth of July picnic.

"Aren't we glad we came!" applauded Mrs. Emery. "When I think of what other Fourths have been—three energetic children, husband who needs relaxation on his most infrequent holiday, the crowded, hot city—then compare *that* with *this*! Well, I wonder we never did it before! The idea of half a dozen neighborhood families renting a comfortable bus, cooperating on the dinner and spending a whole day in the forest preserve—it sounds so simple, once you've done it!"

"I like the idea of planning for every hour of the day, too," said Mrs. Armond. "Now we know we have an hour in which to pack baskets and tidy up before the afternoon program—really that program is the cream of the whole idea. Fathers have so little contact with their children that when I told my husband that the fathers and children were to get up a patriotic program he looked positively dismayed. But once he got to thinking, he enjoyed it and from the whispered conferences and ransacking for costumes, I fancy we are to have something interesting."

"The program idea has led to many a lively dinner table discussion at our house," remarked Mrs. Exton. "What is patriotism? How is it to be expressed? Those seem to be the most popular questions and it is interesting to see the great range of interpretation the children give them."

"The same at our house," agreed Mrs. Emery. "The first evening Jack insisted patriotism meant licking anybody who said America wasn't perfect and Ellen said it was saluting the flag. I can't imagine where Jack got his idea. But with their continual talk they are finding for themselves many sides of patriotism they had not called by that name, though Jack still insists one must think one's country perfect."

"He's loyal—you'll grant that," Mrs. Exton reminded her, "and loyalty is a part of patriotism."

"True enough," said her friend, "but some day he is going to find that his country is far from perfect—where will his ideal be then?"

"Some day my boy is going to find out that his mother isn't perfect. What shall I do *then*?"

"Oh, that's different," said Mrs. Emery, "for all these years you will have been teaching him to love you. By the time he learns that his youthful notion of Mother's perfection was an ideal, not a person, he will be old enough to love you all the more because you, like himself, are daily aiming at perfection in spite of the discouragement of missing it often."

"Just so with his country," replied Mrs. Exton, eagerly. "Let him love it loyally now and when he is older he will love it so much that he will be ready

to do his full share toward bringing it nearer his ideal. And still more important, his very love and loyalty will help him to realize that every person has a beloved country that, exactly like the other boy's mother, must be respected."

"When you speak of other countries," said Mrs. Armond, as she finished repacking her basket, "you bring up my greatest problem. Nowadays one hears so much about internationalism—how can we teach our children to be internationally minded and still be patriotic and loyal to their own land?"

"How do you teach your children to love their own home best and still enjoy this day which we five families share together?" demanded Mrs. Exton.

"What has that to do with it?" asked Mrs. Armond. "They love their home best, of course. But—why, we're neighbors! Why shouldn't we enjoy contact outside our own home circle?"

"Exactly! Why shouldn't we?" agreed Mrs. Exton. "You have answered your own question. All the nations are merely neighbors in a world that science is making increasingly compact. Why shouldn't we enjoy and help each other even though we do, rightly, love our home country best?"

"For instance, you and I share the use of an expensive vacuum cleaner; we agreed upon days for each other's use and we arbitrate when we have a party and need the cleaner the morning of the same day. Maybe such a comparison sounds silly but at least it's clear. What's the essential difference between our working agreement and a possible agreement between countries about crops or commerce or any big subject? I grant you that just because the subject is bigger, the working out of details is the more difficult to our inexperienced internationalism—but it's not impossible."

"My effort all the time as I'm trying to teach the children patriotism, is to get them to realize that the big world is only a larger edition of their own small circle—a world where ideals of love and helpfulness and trust are possible, as in the home."

"According to that," said Mrs. Emery, thoughtfully, "the better members of their families they are, the better citizens of their own country they will be and the better world citizens, too."

"Surely," agreed Mrs. Exton, "and if you notice closely, I think you'll find that the young children of today, the boys and girls who are now in grade schools, say, are going to be better citizens than their parents. They are well taught; they have fine ideals. It is for us to encourage them to their best—certainly our country needs exactly that!"

The call of Jack Emery's bugle interrupted and the mothers quickly covered the remaining baskets and went over to enjoy the Father and Children's Pageant which they found was entitled:

"HOW I CAN SERVE MY COUNTRY."



GO-BOY Racer (above) is chuck full of happy hours for boys and girls. Stands hard usage. Nothing to get out of order. 3-wheel safety and can't back down-hill.

Go-Boy Bike (above right) is happy combination of kiddie-car and bicycle. Sturdily built, speedy, safe and easy riding.

Go-Boy Gym (below) comes with full installation directions. Cinch to put up. You can easily get locally the little lumber necessary. And all parts have a reserve strength to meet any emergency.

"Go-boy"

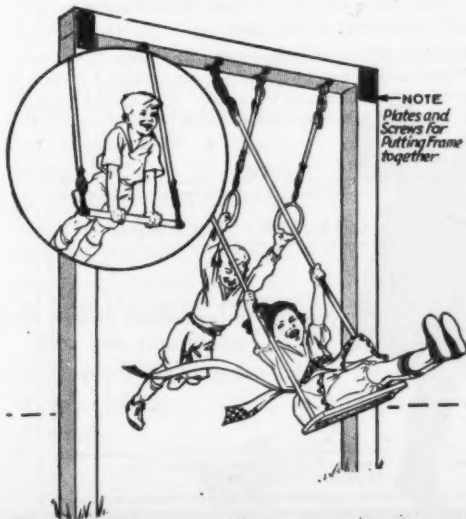
SOME years ago a prominent educator introduced into teaching—a new idea. He turned lessons into games. Instantly it appealed to the natural play instinct of Kiddies.

Today Go-Boy is using this same idea to develop little bodies, little legs, little arms on the principle that play is more beneficial where it accomplishes a certain definite end.

Go-Boy Racer and Go-Boy Bike exercise both legs, and develop straight legs. And these two vehicles bring a thrill and action and fun that sets kiddies' hearts in a tumult of happiness. For ages from 3 to 14.

Go-Boy Gym strengthens little arms; builds sturdy little back and chest muscles; develops husky lads and lassies. And keeps little folk off the streets. With its flying rings, trapeze bar and swing—easily installed in a corner of the yard—it's a regular circus in itself. Flying rings and trapeze bar are interchangeable. And talk about fun!

Get these Go-Boy playthings from your toy or hardware dealer now. These are Go-Boy days! If he happens not to have them—accept no substitute—but write us direct for full details and name of dealer who can supply you.



NOTE.
Plates and
Screws for
Putting Frame
together

The Go-boy Corporation

600 J Caxton Bldg.

Cleveland, Ohio



What wise old Mr. Fox told Johnny

JOHNNY wasn't having much fun, because he had a terrible toothache. When the other boys had gone out to play, Johnny had to stay around home. So he just sat there by the road, and wished and wished the old toothache would stop.

And while he was wishing, who should come along but wise old Mr. Fox with his youngest child—out for a walk. "Hello there, Johnny," he said, "what's the matter with you today—with that bandage on your face?"—"Everything," replied Johnny, somewhat crossly—"I've got a toothache, and it hurts, and I have to stay around home."

"Humph!" said Mr. Fox. "A toothache, heh? Well, I guess it's your own fault. If you took care of your teeth, and cleaned them well, and ate the kind of things that make your teeth strong, you wouldn't have toothaches."

"Is that right?" asked Johnny. "I didn't know what I ate had anything to do with it."—"Well, it does"—answered Mr. Fox—"lots. You take my advice and eat lots of crisp, crunchy foods—and your teeth won't bother you." Whereupon Mr. Fox turned and walked away, with little Reynard Fox at his heels. And Johnny, knowing how wise Mr. Fox was, made up his mind to follow such good advice in the future.

Mr. Fox certainly gave good advice. Your teeth won't hurt if you keep them clean, and eat the foods that make them strong and healthy. Grape-Nuts is a nice, crisp food that you'll just love to chew well, as you should do. It's great for your teeth and gums. And my, oh! my, it certainly is good. You ask Mother to get some Grape-Nuts for you.

MOTHERS! Good teeth play an important part in the health of your child's body. Furthermore, the facial contour and shape of your child's head are influenced by the exercise, or lack of exercise, given to the jaws. And Grape-Nuts is a real help.

But greater even than these, Grape-Nuts contributes to your children's bodies dextrins, maltose, and other carbohydrates for heat and energy; iron for the blood; phosphorus for bones and teeth; protein for muscle and body-building, and the essential vitamin-B, a builder of appetite. Eaten with milk or cream, Grape-Nuts provides a delicious and admirably balanced ration. It is baked by a special process, preparing it for ideal digestion—which permits the body to extract the essential food elements with the least effort. Try Grape-Nuts tomorrow morning!

An authoritative booklet on feeding children

We would like you to read a booklet by a widely known authority on the relation of food to the growth of your child.

Mail the coupon below for two individual packages of Grape-Nuts free—enough for two breakfasts. We will also send you, for yourself, "A Book of Better Breakfasts," containing menus for a series of delightful health breakfasts. Follow these menus and form the habit of healthful meals to start the day right.

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Grape-Nuts is one of the Post Health Products, which include also Instant Postum, Postum Cereal, Post Toasties (Double-thick Corn Flakes), and Post's Bran Flakes.



FREE—MAIL THIS COUPON NOW!

C. L. 7-25 G. N.

POSTUM CEREAL COMPANY, INC.
Battle Creek, Mich.

Please send me, free, two trial packages of Grape-Nuts, together with "A Book of Better Breakfasts," by a former physical director of Cornell Medical College, and also a booklet on the relation of food to growth.

Name.....

Street.....

City..... State.....

In Canada, address CANADIAN POSTUM CEREAL COMPANY, LTD.
45 Front Street, East, Toronto, Ontario



LESSON No. 5

By CLARA INGRAM JUDSON

Author of "Cooking Without Mother's Help," "Junior Cook Book," "Sewing Without Mother's Help," "Jean and Jerry, Detectors," etc.

JULY is the month of picnics and sandwiches. And such a time as we have had deciding what is the very nicest thing we can cook for the picnic basket! Of course we might say ham sandwiches; they are always good.



But everybody knows how to make them—just bread and butter and ham, so it takes nothing but neatness and practice.

And you learned how to cook plain boiled eggs last month.

By the way, one CHILD LIFE cook says she makes little individual packages of pepper and salt and wraps them inside the last fold of the paraffin paper around the egg. Don't you think that's a fine scheme? We do.

But we don't want a lesson on something everyone can make. We want something so different that the first minute the picnic people get a taste they will say, "My, but this is good! Who brought it?" And then you can tell your recipe. You know how glad that makes a person feel.

So, after a great deal of thinking, we have decided to make raisin sandwiches.

Now, don't suppose that that means putting some raisins between pieces of buttered bread, for it means no such easy thing. Raisin sandwiches are made from a raisin filling that is so good you'll have to whistle all the time it cools if you are to keep yourself from eating it up before time for sandwich making begins.

For one pound loaf of bread made into sandwiches (about 20 sand-

wiches), you will need 1 lemon, $\frac{1}{2}$ cupful of sugar, 1 table-spoonful of cornstarch, 1 cupful of raisins and butter for spread-







ing the bread. The amount of butter you need depends on how thickly you spread it. Oh, yes, be sure to cut the bread into very thin and dainty slices; perhaps you can get someone to do that for you after the raisin filling is made and is cooling. If you do not use all the filling the first day, it can be put in a covered cup or dish and kept in a cool place for a day or two.

Look over your supplies and be sure that you have everything you need. Also look up the food grinder and see that you know how to use it, for you will want to grind the raisins. If Mother thinks you had better not use the food grinder, perhaps you can chop the raisins in the chopping bowl.

The girls and boys who have been cooking from the beginning will know that right here they must wash their



Cheese Tid-bit

Whoever eats  Cheese Tid-bit
will very soon eat 
then  then 
and then  more
and a pack  before
he's through

AND NOW, just a word to Mother: Never purchase these delicious little crackers by the single package—buy several. They are irresistible, so that one package is emptied almost as soon as it is opened. And besides they are delightful served with soup or salad or in combination with *au gratin* dishes.

NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY
"Uneeda Bakers"

A Handy Way to Subscribe

Have CHILD LIFE Every Month and Save \$1.20—

FOR those who bring CHILD LIFE home occasionally or take it to a little friend—why not fill out and mail this coupon today? Then the lucky boy or girl will be on the regular mailing list. CHILD LIFE will bring children 365 days of real constructive fun.

CHILD LIFE MAGAZINE
536 So. Clark Street
Chicago, Ill.

I am enclosing \$3.00 for one year or \$5.00 for two years.

Name.....

Address.....

Postoffice.....

Add \$1.00 a year for foreign postage

35 cents a copy
\$3.00 a year
\$5.00 two years

hands, clean their finger nails and put on fresh aprons before they begin cooking. But we have so many new cooks each month that we have to tell them about the cleanliness rules—it wouldn't be fair not to. We hope the new cooks have started notebooks, too, and that they copy their recipes each month. That's the grown-up, businesslike way.

RAISIN SANDWICHES

Grind or chop fine, 1 cupful of raisins.

Grate the rind of 1 lemon.

Press out the juice of this lemon and add it to $\frac{3}{4}$ cupful of water.

Put the water, juice, grated rind and $\frac{1}{2}$ cupful of sugar into a saucepan.

Boil for 6 minutes.

While it is boiling, dissolve together 1 tablespoonful of cornstarch and $\frac{1}{4}$ cupful of water.

Stir this into the boiling mixture and boil slowly, stirring constantly for 4 minutes.

Stir in the raisins, ground or chopped, and boil for 1 minute.

Pour into a bowl and set aside to cool.

To Make the Sandwiches:

Butter one-half the slices of bread with creamed butter. (This means butter that has been slightly warmed and worked with a spoon so it spreads well.)

Spread the other slices with raisin filling: use plenty.

Fit a buttered slice with a raisin slice and trim off crusts.

Wrap the sandwiches in paraffin paper and pack for the picnic.

Sometime when Mother or Cook makes pie crust, ask her to let you have the scraps. Then cut the pastry into neat squares and spread them thickly with the raisin mixture. Bake in a quick oven and eat as soon as cool. These are also delicious for a picnic meal. Or maybe sometime you can make tarts with raisin filling for the inside part.

You see, raisin filling is a very convenient as well as delicious bit of food. Aren't you glad you have learned how to make it?

Please write us a postal and tell us how you like it. And if you can think of any way to use raisin filling besides in sandwiches or pastry, be sure to tell us that, too. Our CHILD LIFE people are such good cooks that we are learning something new all the time.

JUDY'S PARTICULAR ADVENTURE

(Continued from page 395)

looked after himself; then Father gave the boat a shove, and jumping in picked up the oars.

"We're not too late," cried Mother with a happy little sigh.

Judy looked anxiously around. Everywhere the pond was covered with a network of leaves like a carpet, so thick it didn't seem possible that Father could row at all. But at a touch from the oars the leaves moved back to let the boat pass, then they closed together again as if they had never been disturbed. No, it wasn't too late! The lilies were still asleep—they don't get up just at sunrise—so all their little green nightcaps were drawn sedately over their heads. The dear lazy-bones were taking their last forty winks! And then—

Judy never could tell whether it was the little breeze that said, "Wake up!", or a bird, or an invisible alarm clock, or— What? But suddenly the air grew very sweet, there was a tiny-tiny rustle, and all the nightcaps had slipped back, and everywhere the lilies lifted their beautiful faces to the sky.

"It's better than scrumptuous," Judy said softly.

Mother put her hand into the water and reached quite far down; the next moment she brought up a long, reddish-brown stem crowned by the loveliest flower. She swung it in front of Judy's delighted eyes.

"The very first lily is for the little girl who raised the flag," she said.

"Hurrah!" shouted Father. "Hurrah!"



SEA SHELLS

CLINTON SCOLLARD

OH, WHAT do the sea shells murmur
Again and yet again?
They tell of the little mer-maidens;
They tell of the little mer-men!

MORE IDEAS WANTED

\$5 for each letter accepted

CONSIDERABLE money has been paid, so far, to mothers for letters on their milk-problem with children over 2 years old.

This encourages us to believe that more mothers have had interesting experiences with this same problem.

Have you? Was it difficult to keep your child drinking milk? What did you do? How did you succeed?

Every runabout child and every school child should have sufficient milk, in some form, every day. When a child loses its taste for milk, or when milk disagrees with it, a very serious problem arises. This problem, many mothers are solving with Nestlé's Milk Food. Nestlé's makes a milk-food drink which has a new deliciousness, a superior digestibility, and a higher food value. Even in summer, ice or no ice, it is ever sweet and pure.

Nestlé's Milk Food

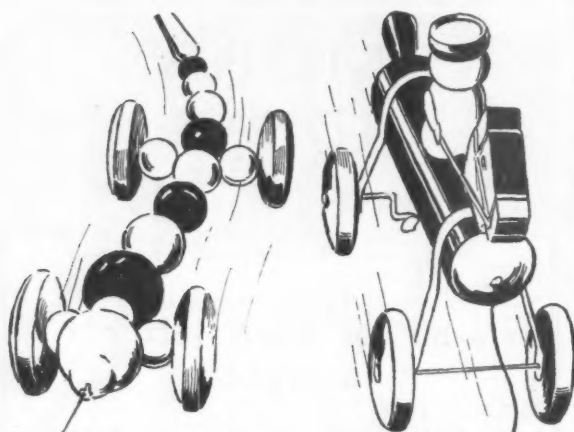
Just write a 100 or 200 word letter on "My child and the milk-drink", giving your ideas on this problem. Actual experience with Nestlé's Milk Food is not necessary. If we can use your ideas, we will pay you \$5. Please address Medical Director, Nestlé's Food Co., 130 William St., New York.

NESTLÉ'S FOOD CO.
130 William St., New York.

Mail this coupon today and we will send you free a 35c package of Nestlé's Milk Food, and our Mother Book, and "Diet Suggestions for Pre-school and Run-about Age."

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WHO'LL WIN THE RACE?

GID-DAP Pony Tinker!
Go-Go-Go Drag-On
Tinker!

Jack and Ann are having a wonderful race with them. You will find these bright colored durable toys at all toy departments.

*Send for our jingle folder.
It tells you about all of the
Tinker Toy family.*



The TOY TINKERS, Inc.
EVANSTON, ILLINOIS



THE KING'S CREAM

(Continued from page 408)

geon," he told his seven daughters. "I can't make the cream any colder, so I think I shall die."

"Please don't die until to-morrow," begged Strawberry. "The King has given us one more day. Perhaps we can think of some way to make the cream colder and if we can't, you can die to-morrow."

"Very well," said the Royal head cook. "I shall die to-morrow." And he went to bed and fell fast asleep.

"What shall we do?" Raspberry and Chocolate and Vanilla and Lemon and Peach and even little Cherry asked Strawberry.

"I don't know," confessed Strawberry. "We might put on our thinking caps," she suggested.

Raspberry ran to get the thinking caps, and the seven little sisters put them on and tied the ribbons under their chins and went to sit under the apple tree and think. They thought all the rest of the day, but they couldn't think of a thing. They got up early the next morning and tied on their thinking caps and went out to sit under a pear tree but they couldn't think of a thing. They were still sitting under the pear tree, trying to think and think, when one of the under cooks came to them.

"If you please, Miss Strawberry, it is almost four o'clock and we don't know what to do about the King's four o'clock cream," he said.

"Dear me!" cried Strawberry, jumping to her feet. "I have been thinking about the King's cream so hard that I forgot all about the King's cream. How time does fly! What shall we do?"

She looked at her six sisters but not one of them could tell her what to do. They followed Strawberry to the kitchen where one of the under cooks had poured the cream into the tin milk can, and the other under cooks had broken the blue ice Adoniram had brought from the mountain into small pieces.

It was Vanilla's turn to bring the syrup, for it was Tuesday, and she ran to the Royal syrup closet. Cherry climbed up on the table to look into the big tin milk can that was full of cream for his Majesty's four o'clock drink. In some way, I never could tell you how, she pushed against Vanilla and, splash! the vanilla syrup was spilled into the can.

"Oh!" cried Vanilla, and she was frightened.

Before she could say another word, one of the under cooks seized the can of cream and clapped the cover on and ran off with it to the cold room where the ton of ice, all chopped in small pieces, had been spread on the floor.

"Perhaps, if you roll the can of cream back and forth over the ice, it will get colder than if you cover it with ice," Strawberry had told the under cooks. She didn't think the cream *would* be colder but she had to *do something*.

So the under cooks rolled the can back and forth over the broken ice. Vanilla and Cherry hid behind the cold room door. They were too frightened to

tell Strawberry what had become of the glass of vanilla syrup which Vanilla had brought from the Royal syrup closet. They didn't dare tell any one, but they were sure that they would now have to feed the King's pigs.

Every one was so busy rolling the can of cream and hoping that the cream would be colder than it ever had been, that no one saw how the minute hand of the clock in the Royal kitchen crept up to four. No one even heard the clock call out that it was four o'clock, although the clock called as loud as a clock can call. Strawberry and the under cooks never heard anything until the Royal chamberlain rushed into the cold room. His face was as white as Strawberry's white apron.

"Where is His Majesty's afternoon cream!" he screamed. "It is after four o'clock and His Majesty is furious!"

Strawberry and the under cooks stopped rolling the tin milk can full of cream over the broken ice on the floor of the cold room. Before they could say a word there was a great noise in the Royal kitchen. His Majesty, the King, had come to see for himself what was the matter with his four o'clock cream.

"Oh, Your Majesty!" began Strawberry, so frightened that she dropped the cover of the tin milk can, and it clattered to the floor.

"Don't speak to me!" shouted the King, who looked crosser than you ever imagined any one could look. "What is the matter? Why hasn't your lazy father sent me my afternoon cold cream? Where is it?"

"Here, Your Majesty." And Strawberry showed him the can.

The King walked across the cold room and looked into the can.

"That isn't cream!" he shouted, for the can was filled with something that didn't look a bit like any cream that had ever been seen in the Land of Perhaps. "What is it?" he asked crossly.

Strawberry trembled in her little buckled shoes. "Please, Your Majesty, I don't know," she faltered. "I filled the can with the cream," she began to explain, but the King would not listen to her.

"It looks cold," he said curiously. He took a spoon from the table and dipped it into the can. "It is cold!" he said when he had tasted the white stuff in the can. At the second spoonful he stopped frowning. At the third spoonful he began to laugh. No one in the Land of Perhaps ever had heard the King laugh before, and the under cooks began to shake in their shoes.

"Icicles and snowflakes," cried the King, putting his spoon into the can as fast as he could empty it. "This is the coldest cream and the best cream I ever ate. It tastes like—" he stopped eating for a second to think what it did taste like. "It tastes as though there were vanilla in this can," he said at last.

"I don't see how that can be, Your Majesty," murmured Strawberry. She had stopped trembling in her buckled shoes the moment she heard the

CARELESS CREATURES' COLUMN



PETERKIN PUPPY

HELEN COWLES LECRON

PETERKIN PUPPY just lived in a hurry!

Peterkin Puppy could *never* sit still!
He'd rush through the house in a terrible flurry,
And, oh, all the dishes he'd break and he'd spill!

He'd race by the vases and set them to rocking,—
He'd rush through the kitchen and tumble upstairs,—
He'd brush past the table (oh, wasn't it shocking?)
And scatter the books and tip over the chairs!

"Hurricane Peter," the neighbors all named him,
"Hurricane Peter," he's called to this day!
Shouldn't you think that the name would have *tamed* him?
Puppies should always take care when they play!



Sun, Sand, Sea and the JOY BALL

IN THE water and out—it makes no difference to “that great big beautiful ball of many colors”.

For the “JOY-BALL” is *waterproof* and its brilliant colors are *permanent*.

Now that school days are over and vacation time is here, the “JOY-BALL” is coming into its own as the childrens’ greatest playmate.

No matter where you may be—at home, by lake or sea, on the farm or in the mountain camps, the “JOY-BALL” will make the wonderful playtime even more delightful.

It is an untiring entertainer, and a companion of which you will never weary.

Your “JOY-BALL” will come to you carefully packed, complete with rubberized fabric (waterproof) case, thick rubber bladder (like the bladders in basket balls) and lace, all in attractive colored box, including instructions for playing many splendid games, for only \$1.25.

Ask mother or father to send for it today. Be sure to write your name and address plainly on the coupon.

THE VICTOR NOVELTY MFG. CO.
ASHLAND, OHIO

THE VICTOR NOVELTY MFG. CO.
Dept. C. L., Ashland, Ohio

Please send me postpaid, one JOY-BALL for which I enclose \$1.25

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cash money order

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

WARNING! There is only one JOY-BALL. Look for the name on the box when buying from dealers.

King laugh. “This is the day for your vanilla syrup, but we never put the syrup into the cream.”

Then Vanilla and little Cherry stopped crying and came from behind the cold room door.

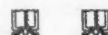
“If you please, Your Majesty,” Vanilla said bravely. “There is vanilla in the cream. I put it in.”

“I knew it!” cried the King. He smiled at Vanilla and frowned at Strawberry. “I guess I know the taste of vanilla syrup! I must have had at least seven hundred and fifty glasses of vanilla syrup in the course of my life. But never in all my days have I had anything quite as good and as cold as this stuff.” And he took another spoonful and another spoonful and then another spoonful until he had a pain in his forehead, right between his eyes. “I want some of this to-morrow,” he told Strawberry as he scraped the can. “And, as to-morrow is Wednesday, you may pour in some of the chocolate syrup instead of the vanilla which your sister used to-day. Where is my Royal treasurer? Where is my Royal treasurer?” he roared. When the Royal treasurer was brought to him he asked: “What was the note I had you make in regard to my afternoon cream?”

The Royal treasurer looked through the big book he carried under his arm and at last found the place. “If the daughter of the Royal cook can make the afternoon cream any colder than it was to-day she is to have a ring for each of her fingers, including the thumbs,” he read in a loud voice. “And Adoniram, the ice boy, is to have a bag of gold.”

“Exactly,” exclaimed the King. “Send for the ten rings for the young lady at once. You have ten fingers, my dear. Your father said you had, including your thumbs. And bring an extra half dozen for the girl who put the vanilla in the cream,” he called after the Royal treasurer. “She must have a reward, too, I declare,” and for once he smiled on every one. “I don’t know when I’ve enjoyed any cream as I have enjoyed this vanilla—this vanilla—” He hesitated and looked at the chopped ice on the floor of the cold room. “This vanilla ice cream!” he shouted suddenly. “The name of this delicious stuff is ice cream. Tell your father I shall want it every day of my life,” he told Strawberry. “I should think every one in the world would want it!”

And now that people know how to make ice cream, every one does want it nearly every day. You want it every day, don’t you?



SKY PICNIC

ELEANOR HAMMOND

THE sun has made a bonfire
Of a sunset, hot and toasting,
And in the coals I’m sure I see
Some cloud potatoes roasting!

OUT DOOR SPORTS



SCATTER THE CROWS

ONE DAY I noticed the children playing a strange game that I never saw played before. All the children seemed to think it such fun that I stopped to learn how to play it, too.

This game can be played indoors or out. Two parallel lines are marked off, at least eight feet apart and these lines are called fences. The area between these fences is the farmer's cornfield; there are no end fences and the field may vary in length according to whether there are few or many players.

There should be space enough allowed so that when the crows are on the fence they are several feet apart. All those who wish to play form a line and the player at the right end of the line begins to count—all who speak *even numbers* are to be the CROWS and those who speak *odd numbers* are to be the SCARECROWS.

Each scarecrow is allowed to choose his position in the cornfield but after he has taken this place he must not move his feet—he is *stuck there!* Neither must he speak or laugh, for if he does he *becomes a crow* and has to join the other side. However, he may use his arms and hands to tag the teasing crows, and when a crow is tagged by a scarecrow he *becomes a scarecrow* and must join the other side.

The crows are safe when on either fence, but when they are crossing the field, they

must *hop on both feet* or have their arms outstretched like wings; this makes it easier for the scarecrows to catch them. After the first game the scarecrows will learn to choose positions so that the crows will have to fly sideways in order to cross the field without being tagged. The crows may change from *flying to hopping* or the reverse while they are crossing the field, if they wish to.

The crows may flap their wings and "CAW" all they please, but they must not speak other words *or they will become scarecrows*. If they fail either to HOP or FLY the scarecrows can claim them for their side also.

Some of the children who were the SCARECROWS in the game that I saw were just like STATUES and others giggled and lost their places when several crows did antics on purpose to make them laugh. One crow I saw would say "CAW" just as if he were *begging*, another would say it in a *questioning* manner; it was surprising how much expression could be put in one word.

The object of the crows is to make the scarecrows move their feet or laugh or speak; and the object of the scarecrows is to tag the crows and to refrain from laughing, speaking, and moving their feet.

The side wins that procures all the players.



MOTTO: Responsibility.

CREED: I live in one of the best countries in the world and wish to do all I can to make it better.

PLEDGE: Every day I do at least one thing to show that I am a good citizen.

Patriotism

THE Brocton Good Citizens' League was very fortunate in having a club garden. But, like most "lucky" people, the members had brought about their own good fortune, for the garden—with its attractive flowers and vines, its playground and vegetable garden—had been a vacant lot, just a month before, overgrown with weeds. The only thing it lacked now was an American flag to fly from the flag pole that Elizabeth's father had erected for them.

In Mr. Jackson's store they found just the flag they wanted, but they didn't have enough money in the treasury to buy it. Then Mr. Jackson made them a proposition.

"Fourth of July is coming," he said, "and if you can sell fifty of these little flags for me, I'll give you the big one."

"Our club garden would be a fine place for a stand," suggested Bill. "We fellows could build one easily."

"And we could go to our friends and take orders besides," Miriam added happily.

The members worked very hard, and at 2 o'clock on the afternoon of the Fourth, they had sold sixty-seven flags. Mr. Jackson had reserved seats for them right up in front at the Independence Day exercises in the afternoon—that made them feel very grown-up and impor-

tant. They expected to get their flag as soon as the program was over.

That was one reason they were so surprised to see Mr. Jackson walk to the front of the platform with

"These are the young people," he said, "who cleaned up our town in April, who staged a thrift contest in January, who earned nearly \$50 for the Brocton Humane Society. They know how to cheer for their flag, but what is even more important, they know how to honor it in everything they do. Will the mayor of the league please come forward and receive this flag?"

The audience applauded when David stood up. Then Mr. Jackson had another surprise. He wanted every member of the league to come up on the platform, so that their fellow citizens could see them—and he presented each of them with a small silk flag just like the ones they had been selling.

And the audience clapped again.

THE CODE OF THE FLAG

Every member of the CHILD LIFE Good Citizens' League loves and honors his native flag. For this reason, we are sure that the American boys and girls are eager, not only to love Old Glory in their hearts, but to show it the outward respect due the great flag of the United States. Following are the principal rules governing the display and correct use of the Stars and Stripes.

The flag is not raised before sunrise and must be lowered at sunset. All present at the ceremony should stand at attention, ready to salute. In raising and lowering the flag it must not touch the ground.

The flag should be flown on Lincoln's birthday, Washington's birthday, Memorial Day, Flag Day and Independence Day. On many other days this is optional. On Memorial Day the flag should be at half staff until noon, then raised to the peak for the rest of the day.

The American flag has the right-hand position when carried in a parade with the flag of another country. It has the right-hand place when crossed with the flag of another nation. When grouped with other flags, it takes the highest place and must be of the same height and size. In an illustration of the flag, the staff must be at the left of the picture, with the fabric floating to the right. When displayed on a staff the field of blue must touch the head of the staff. When displayed on a cord between two points, the stripes must be vertical.

In using the flag as a covering for a table or altar, it is arranged so that the blue field is at the left as one stands facing the table or in front of the altar, the front of the altar being the side farthest from the presiding officer. The only object that may be placed on the flag is the Bible. Strips of red, white and blue bunting may be draped, but not the flag. The flag must hang in straight lines.

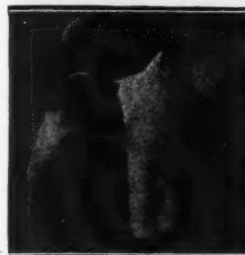
If the flag is worn as a badge, it should be small and without folds and pinned to the left breast of dress or coat or the left collar lapel. It must not be worn as a costume or used as a trademark for merchandise. No advertisement or lettering must appear on it.

To salute the flag correctly, stand at attention, raise the right hand to the forehead over the right eye, palm downward, fingers extended and close together, the arm at an angle of about forty-five degrees. Move hand outward about twelve inches and drop to side.

the flag in his hand. They were still more surprised when he began to tell the audience about their Good Citizens' League and the work it had accomplished.

work done by an individual member went to Ruth M. Stewart, age 11 years, Logansport, Indiana. She won a small silk flag for herself, and her school was presented with a larger one in her name. The best contest papers will be published in the August issue of CHILD LIFE.

(Continued on page 434)



Quality Wire Haired Fox Terriers

Small enough to be cuddled, and energetic enough to be admired by daddy.

REKCOD KENNELS, (Reg.)

J. W. Docker, Owner
1433 S. Gunderson Ave. Oak Park, Ill.

POLICE DOGS



Best watch dogs, most intelligent, kind disposition toward their friends.

Pups for sale, from all registered dogs, sired by a nephew of Strong-

heart and from exceptional females. Reasonable. Write for pictures and prices

CULPAUGH KENNELS
Saxman, Kansas



What makes Molly so happy? I'm sure you don't have to be told, for those two collie puppies answer the question. They came from

SUNNYBRAE COLLIE KENNELS
Bloomington, Ill.

Why don't you write to Sunnybrae? They have fine collie puppies like these at reasonable prices. Buy a collie and you will be sure that you are getting the best kind of a playmate. Mr. F. R. Clarke, owner of the kennels, has written a book on Dog Training, which he will send to you for 35c. He would be glad to receive a letter from you.

COCKER SPANIELS

For Sale

We supply high class pups at \$25 up, out of winning ancestry. We will reserve one for you upon receipt of \$5.

FISHER BROS.,
241 Rusk Ave. Milwaukee, Wis.

CHILD LIFE Dog Stories

PADDY

I HAVE a little dog
And his name is Paddy
He is very very nice
And likes my daddy.

VIVIAN WILKINS,

Age 11 years Montreal, Quebec,
Canada.

BINGO

I'VE a little puppy dog
Bingo is his name
I picked him from a lot of dogs
No two were just the same.

Bingo was the cutest dog

As pretty as a rose

I named him Bingo 'cus he fell
KA-BINGO! On his nose!

MARION KLEIN,

Age 13 years Bald Eagle Lake,
Minnesota.

PEKINGESE

This Is Me

I may be little and soft and plump,
But my heart is big and true.
My mistress says now I'm quite big
enough
To leave my dear mother—for you.



Write at once for descriptions and pictures from the largest and best appointed kennels in the World.

\$25 up

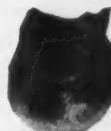
MRS. HARRIE A. BAXTER
Telephone Caladenia 6168
Great Neck, Long Island, or
347 Fifth Avenue, New York City

Playmates for Children



COLLIES

Ideal companions for children of all ages. Intelligent, healthy puppies.



CHOWS

Soft, cuddly little balls of fur are these affectionate little chows. They are waiting to play with some little boy or girl.

POLICE PUPPIES

Dogs boarded—Steam heated and outside kennels. Kennels covering 29 acres. Exhibition grounds located on Waukegan Road No. 42A. Four miles west of Wilmette. 1 1/4 miles north of Garden of Allah.

FISHER KENNELS

Glen View, Ill. Phones Glen View 125 and 71

"Strong Heart" Police Dogs



"Character plus Appearance." You can pay more but you can't get a better dog.

SUN BEAM FARM
STRONG HEART KENNELS
East Pike, New Brunswick, N.J.

BOORANG AIREDALE TERRIERS

are a special strain of pedigreed dogs highly developed for the all-round purposes of house-guards, automobile companions, children's playmates, men's pals; hunters and retrievers of all wild game; also stock drivers of cattle and sheep. Exclusively bred and sold by the world's largest dog kennels whose complete illustrated catalog will be mailed to your address for ten cents postage.

BOORANG KENNELS, Box 28, La Rue, Ohio

POLICE PUPPIES

Real beauties from wonderfully trained imported parents. Intelligent, fearless, the ideal child's protector and pal. Don't buy until you've received my offers and guarantee.

H. N. HANCHETT

912 Lumber Exchange Minneapolis, Minn.

The CHILD LIFE Dog Department

IF YOU should like to have a friendly dog we will be glad to answer any questions about them. We will tell you what dogs make the best companions, about how much they cost, and, if you like, we will recommend the best

kennels near your home for your convenience.

The Dog Department of CHILD LIFE has helped many of its little readers in the selection of these lovable pets and is able to give you good, reliable advice about them.

Just Write to

CHILD LIFE, DOG DEPARTMENT
536 South Clark Street - CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

GOOD CITIZENS' LEAGUE

(Continued from page 432)

League Membership

Any boy or girl who is a reader of CHILD LIFE may become a member of the league and, upon application, giving his name, age and address, will receive a membership pin. We shall be glad to help you start a branch league among your friends—or among the pupils in your room at school next fall—and shall mail you a hand-book and pins for the boys and girls whose names, ages, and addresses you send us.

Address all inquiries to Frances Cavanah, manager, Child Life Good Citizens' League, 536 S. Clark St., Chicago, Ill.

A Good Citizen—Patriotism

1. I learned the proper way to display the American flag.
2. I learned to recognize the flags of several other nations.
3. I helped with an Independence Day celebration.
4. I put out a flag on Independence Day.
5. I read or listened to the story of the signing of the Declaration of Independence.
6. I told this story to a foreign child.
7. I read the Constitution of the United States to a group of children.
8. I learned the names of five signers of the Declaration of Independence.
9. I asked the people in our block to hang out their flags.
10. I memorized "America."
11. I memorized "The Star Spangled Banner."
12. I gave a flag to a child who had none.
13. I spent my candy money for a new flag.
14. I visited a United States government building with an older person.
15. I learned a patriotic poem.
16. I visited a soldier's hospital.
17. I made scrapbooks for a soldiers' hospital.
18. I was very careful about fireworks.
19. I asked an older person to superintend my fireworks.
20. I cleaned up the debris left by my fireworks.
21. I read about the French Independence Day, which comes July 14, and commemorates the fall of the Bastille.
22. I memorized the preamble to the Constitution.
23. I read the story of the adoption of the Constitution.
24. I learned to salute the American flag.
25. I learned several new facts about one of my favorite American heroes.

An Honor Point is awarded for each day a good citizenship deed is recorded. The monthly Honor Roll lists the names of those who earn twenty-five or more points, and there is a prize for members who earn 250 points during twelve consecutive months. Other good deeds may be substituted for those suggested above, and the best original activities are published and awarded extra points. Write your name, age and address at the top of a blank sheet of paper, then each day you can record the date and your deed or deeds for that day. Send your July list of good deeds in time to reach us by August 5th, if you want to see your names on the Honor Roll.

Honor Roll

The following members earned twenty-five or more honor points during April:

Fern Albertson	Marian Holtzman	George Philbrook
Luther Albertson	Isabelle Hurley	Kathryn Philbrook
Ethelyn Albrecht	Stanley Ihlenfeldt	Adeline Phoenix
Marguerite Asvedo	Dorothy Kanis	Dolly Radika
Martina Baird	Helen Kistel	George Radika
Adolphine Ballantyne	Katherine Kistel	Sam Radika
Lorraine Barnett	Clayton Klemstein	Selma Radika
Helen Basford	Gwyneth Knight	Tom Radika
Andrew Beath	Bernice Koslowski	Helen Reynolds
Dorothy Beebe	James Koslowski	Carl Richert
Roma C. Becker	Lola Koslowski	Florence B. Roehs
Antoinette Bennett	Roy Koslowski	Julia Rogers
Jack P. Best	Corene Lake	Isabelle Rosendahl
Ethel Blood	Melvin Lake	Laddie Smith
Irva Blood	Genevieve Lewis	Raymond Schold
Charles D. Boyles	Fern McDougall	Elaine Schuelke
George B. Boyles	Tommy McGrain	Aileen Smith
Pearl Brown	James McMillan	Laddie Smith
Berna Coleman	Anna Maniscalco	Meiwa Smith
Henrietta Conrad	Bruce Markel	Ruth Stewart
Sadie Deik	Norma Mason	Lewis Stoy
Virginia F. Dolbear	Louise Mehring	Matilda Struogis
Ruth Duncan	Floyd Memier	John Sutcliffe
Marian Eastwick	Ruby Memier	Leo Thompson
Thomas Elison	Iolene Miller	Ruth Volk
Raymond Erneawein	Fred Morris	Willis Volk
Eugene Feller	Madge Morris	Mary C. Walborn
Harold M. Finley	Eleanore Morrow	Claire West
Addie Garfield	Ellene Mosier	Philip Westcott
Harold Gauger	Ruth Muhlenbrink	Susan Whalen
William Griffin	Gertrude Nett	Grace E. Wilkinson
James Guiliano	Gwendolyn Newell	Gladys Witmer
Benlah Haggerty	Bernice Ordway	Edna Zautke
William Haggerty	Glenn Paey	Martin Zautke
Lawrence Hanson	Alvin Pagel	
Ralph Hiwaldt	Adelle Palmer	
Arthur Holtdorf	Florence Penskovsky	
Ruth Holtdorf	Gerald Peterson	

Best Original Activities

The following activities were awarded ten additional Honor Points:

- I made an Easter dress for myself.—Lorraine Barnett, Lakeside, Calif.
- I gave a talk on Korea at Junior Christian Endeavor.—Helen Bashford, Denver, Colo.
- I plowed some.—James McMillan, McDonald, N. C.
- I transplanted four long rows of lettuce.—Henrietta Conrad, Lakeside, Calif.
- I led the other Girl Scouts in a clean-up parade and showed them how to march.—Matilda Struogis, Brooklyn, N. Y.

CROSSWORD PUZZLE CONTEST

YOUR trunk is here, all packed to take your trip around the world. Nearly all the words in Puzzle No. 2—as in the crossword puzzle published in June—are geographical names. Every reader of CHILD LIFE—except members of the families of Rand McNally employees—is invited to take this crossword puzzle trip and to try for one of the splendid prizes in the contest.

Three other puzzles will be printed in the August, September and October issues. Each month after you solve your puzzle, put it away carefully and then mail the five of them together, with a 100-word letter on "The Country I Want Most to Visit and Why," in time to reach us by October 1, 1925. Unless the puzzles and letters are sent together, they cannot be considered.

Mail your contest papers to the Crossword Puzzle Contest editor, CHILD LIFE, 536 S. Clark Street, Chicago, Ill. List the vertical (up and down) words and then the horizontal (across) words, and be sure to write your name, age and address clearly in ink on every page. At the top of each paper, write "Answer to June Puzzle," "Answer to July Puzzle," etc. In awarding the prizes the judges will consider correctness, the merit of the letters and neatness.

The prizes—there are two sets, one for the boys and girls between the ages 9 and 12, and another for those 8 and under—will take you on trips around the world most any time you want to go. The winners of the two first prizes will have their choice of a beautiful eight-inch GLOBE on an oxidized finish stand or the big Rand McNally INTERNATIONAL ATLAS. This atlas is international in scope as well as in name, with its many interesting colored illustrations, and its beautifully tinted maps showing every portion of the earth's surface. A full page of text accompanies each map and describes the geography, climate, history, resources, products, industries and places of interest. The indexes list more than 100,000 place names, and charts, tables and diagrams furnish valuable statistics.

The second prize, the PREMIER ATLAS OF THE WORLD, is an ideal atlas for your home, with its maps for the entire world, its complete indexes and special features all thoroughly correct and up-to-date. The maps show political divisions, cities and towns, railroads, waterways, etc. The indexes contain practically all important place names, with latest official population figures.

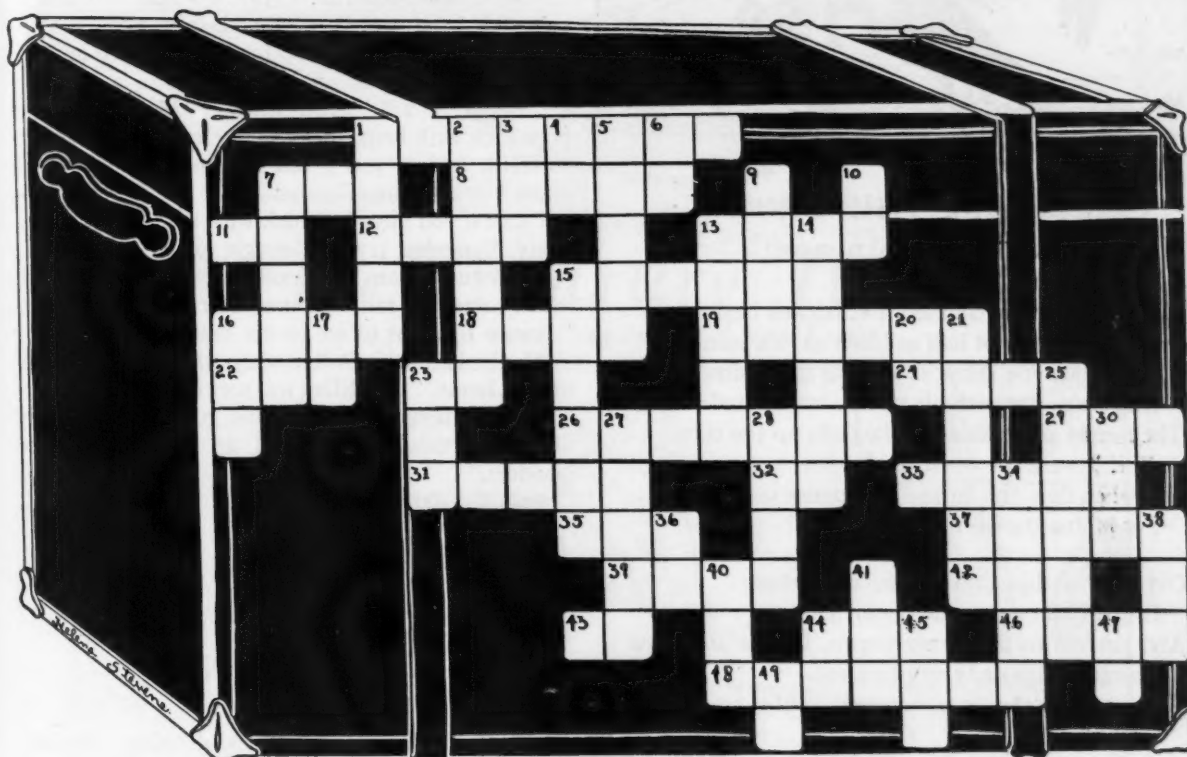
The winners of the two third prizes will receive copies of the HANDY ATLAS OF THE WORLD, which is just as handy as it sounds. It has maps of every continent, every country, every state of the United States, every province of Canada; and on the reverse side of each map are statistics regarding government, climate, resources, industries, etc.

The next forty prizes—twenty for the older contestants and twenty for the younger ones—will be copies of the convenient and very interesting little POCKET ATLAS OF THE WORLD.

In case of a tie for any prize the prize will be duplicated. The complete set of five puzzles and the 100-word letter must reach the Crossword Puzzle Contest Editor by October 1, 1925.

The winners will be announced in the December issue of CHILD LIFE.

THE CROSSWORD PUZZLE TRIP No. 2



UP AND DOWN

1. Chain of high mountains running the entire length of South America.
2. Capital of England and largest city in the world.
3. Large monkey, which of all monkeys most resembles and mimics man.
4. Abbreviation of "northeast."
5. What you generally ride on when you take a long journey overland.
6. Abbreviation for a middle western state raising much corn.
7. Kingdom in southwestern Europe. The capital is Madrid.
9. A girl's name, beginning and ending with the same letter.
10. Initials of the continent on which the United States is located.
13. A country of southeastern Asia which Columbus was seeking, and thought he had found when he reached America. So he named the native red men Indians.
14. The big friendly neighboring country to the north of the U. S. A.
15. A very old Italian city, having canals instead of streets, and boats in place of automobiles and street cars.
16. One of the spring months.
17. Abbreviation of saint, used in writing names of cities like Saint Louis or Saint Paul.
20. Initials of British Columbia, a western province of Canada.
21. A great continent lying to the east of the Atlantic Ocean.
23. Abbreviation of a middle western state on the Ohio River.
25. The mountain in Asia, upon which Noah's ark rested while the flood receded.
27. Land bordering a body of water. When sandy it is called a beach.
28. A famous African river; the old Egyptian city of Cairo is on its banks.
30. A favorite name in Arabia, part of the name of the hero of an Arabian Nights story.
34. A black bird, very like a crow, only larger.
36. Abbreviation of "north."
38. A large body of salt water, not so great as an ocean, but sometimes used as meaning the ocean.
40. Abbreviation of mountains, as you see it printed on maps.
41. Abbreviation of santa, Spanish for saint. Used before Francisco and Diego, cities of a western state of the U. S. A.
44. Initials standing for South America.
45. Initials standing for a great national park in the northwest, owned by the United States government.
47. The opposite of "yes."
49. Initials meaning Hawaiian Islands.

ACROSS

1. The ocean separating America from Europe.
7. The huge bright ball giving daylight to this earth.
8. A play, acted by singing, that originated in Europe.
11. Initials standing for North Pole.
12. A native of Denmark.
13. A region in South America where, centuries ago, lived a race of people, long since disappeared, called Incas.
15. Capital of Austria on the River Danube.
16. Abbreviation of a southern state on the Gulf of Mexico, and a river of the same name.
18. The animals which drew the heavy wagons carrying people and their belongings across America in the covered wagon days.
19. A large river in Europe. Vienna is on its banks.
22. A little insect, always very busy, which builds its house with grains of dirt. In tropical countries these hills are as high as a man's head.
23. The opposite of "out."
24. An island off the coast of Florida, once owned by Spain, now independent.
26. Lands completely surrounded by water, but not large enough to be called continents.
29. What you did when you found walking would not get you to school in time.
31. Yellow-haired people who wear wooden shoes and live in Holland.
32. The abbreviation of Iowa.
33. Plant, growing under water, which hardens and is made into pretty pink necklaces, bracelets, rings, etc.
35. Word meaning a long period of time; an age.
37. The capital of France.
39. An ancient city, once an empire, now the capital of Italy.
42. A girl's name, almost like that of the first woman mentioned in the Bible.
43. Abbreviation of the state in the extreme northeastern section of the U. S. A.
44. The present tense of "said."
46. The chief mountain of Sicily; a volcano.
48. The principal river of Ireland.



CORVUS, THE CROW

NORA ARCHIBALD SMITH

OLD Corvus is counted a villainous bird,
But he's not half so black as he's painted.
The trouble, you know, is we hear of his sins,
And we're not with his virtues acquainted.
The farmer complains that he pulls up the corn,
As if 't were the worst of all evils;
But when does the farmer give praise to the bird
For killing the beetles and weevils?

Old Corvus' digestion is quite unexcelled;
It gives him unequalled enjoyment;
And cut-worms and army-worms, locusts and mice
He eats as his daily employment.
To gypsy moths, grasshoppers, grubs black and white,
Potato bugs, slugs, he's devoted;
Then why not extol him and give him his due
When for all such consumption he's noted?

'T is true he is thievish, or else he is not
In property rights a believer;
He noses about where there's silver or gold,
And flies with it, sly old deceiver!
But then he's a kind and compassionate fowl;
He helps other crows when in trouble;
So I, for one, move, that we halve all his sins,
And his virtues we count to him double.



THE FOURTH OF JULY TREASURE HUNT

(Continued from page 398)

the tent, that dragon stuck his head and growled, and I couldn't think of anything. But Ellen Gray yelled, 'Open sesame!' like a shot and the dragon let her in. And say, for once she looked happy."

The treasure was perched on her coop—a fine white hen with a bright red comb and a bright blue ribbon bow—that Mother had sent to town for. "First, because she's a prize hen, and next because it's a red, white and blue holiday," Mother explained.

"What's her name?" asked Ellen.

"You can choose one," laughed Mother. "How'd you like to call her the White Princess?"

"Oh, is she enchanted?" asked Ellen.

"No!" cried Mother. "She's a real hen and a splendid layer. Her eggs will buy you lots of lovely things, and next spring you can let her set and start a flock for yourself."

"Yes'm, I will," said Ellen. "My father has poor luck with hens, but I shall clean out the house to-night, and if you'll tell me how to feed her I guess I can manage."

"And if you have bad luck with her," said teasing Tony, "you jus' try a lil' magic maybe."

Ellen turned on him coolly. "I shan't have so much time for fairy stories after this," she said, "'cause I've got to see to my hen."

"I think," said Dolly, when they talked it all over at home, "that Ellen was sort of enchanted herself. She thought things would go wrong and they did. And now she's waked up and she can do wonders."

And she did!



MORE ADVENTURES OF TOM TRIPP

(Continued from page 415)

"Well, my hearties," queried King Arthur, "haven't you had about enough adventures for the day? How about sticking around my little place here until it's time to be thinking about going home? I'll give you the keys to my castle, and I'm sure you can find plenty of sport here. There's some pretty nifty fishing tackle over there I'd like you to try."

There was reproach in Tom Tripp's eye, and he spoke up hastily. "Say, guess you think we're a tame bunch o' knights. Thank you, sir, for the spread—it was bully—but we've got to be ranging along and hunt for some adventures right away. S'pose you don't know any to send us out on?"

King Arthur saw his mistake and yielded gracefully. "Why, to be sure, I can start you fellows on lots of adventures if you're so set on them as all that."

"Good!" cried Tom Tripp. "Let's go." He stooped and picked a pansy from the unlucky garden-bed where four adventure-seekers had lately sprawled. "Say, fellas, let's call ourselves the Knights of the Golden Pansy, and have that for our emblem."

"That's a fine idea," King Arthur remarked. "You know Shakspeare says, 'Pansies, that's for thoughts.' So I'll give you a knightly motto to go with your emblem. It's 'Think twice before you act.'"

"Hurray for King Arthur and his Knights of the Golden Pansy!" Tom Tripp cheered.

"Hurray!" echoed Dolf and Marty.

Part III of "More Adventures of Tom Tripp" will appear in the August issue of CHILD LIFE



The Treasure Trail

Pictures and Verse by Chet Law



The first mate was a scheming chap,
Who hatched deep plots beneath his cap,
"I'll search the seas on hands and knees,"
He growled, "To find that treasure map."

"Man overboard!" the lookout cried,
When he could get his tongue untied;
In frantic haste, the whole crew raced
To get a lifeboat o'er the side.

And now, into his one
good eye,
There came a look both
fierce and sly,
With ill intent, the vil-
lian went
To force the truth
from Captain Nye.



Our clever hero, Tub
McGee,
Had labored long and
silently
To set a spring with
force to sling
The burly mate into
the sea.

Just then a curious thing befell,
For with a sudden, startled yell,
He seemed to rise to meet the skies,
Then with a mighty splash he fell.

At last, they got him 'board the ship,
A sorry figure, all a-drip,
And there they found, on looking round,
All three had given them the slip.

Next month the boys will find a way
To take the Lee and save the day.



Tub McGee



Froggie Jones



YOUR SUIT AND DOLLY'S

Designed by CHIQUÉT. With Patterns.



AFTER Mother had carefully selected a summer camp for Marion, she started planning her outfit. And, right in CHILD LIFE again were patterns for the very things needed.

First she made her bathing suit, using all wool jersey and trimming it with a darker shade. Isn't it pretty? Pretty bathing suits are hard to buy for little girls, so Marion is delighted with hers.

Next came pajamas. Such an easy pattern to make! Mother made six pairs, cut them all out at the same time, and before she knew it they were finished. Then she made a pair of black satin, too, to wear in place of a kimona.

And last, but most important, were her knicker suits. Two of these were really sufficient, one of flannel for cool damp weather and one of khaki for warm days.

Are you ready for your camp? CHILD LIFE can send patterns to you very quickly. Marion is so happy she can scarcely wait for July to come. I am sure you would be, too, if you had an outfit like hers.

Pattern No. 4756, sizes 8, 10, 12, and 14 years.

" " 4784, " 6, 8, 10, 12, and 14 years.

" " 3956, " 4, 6, 8, 10, 12, 14, and 16 years

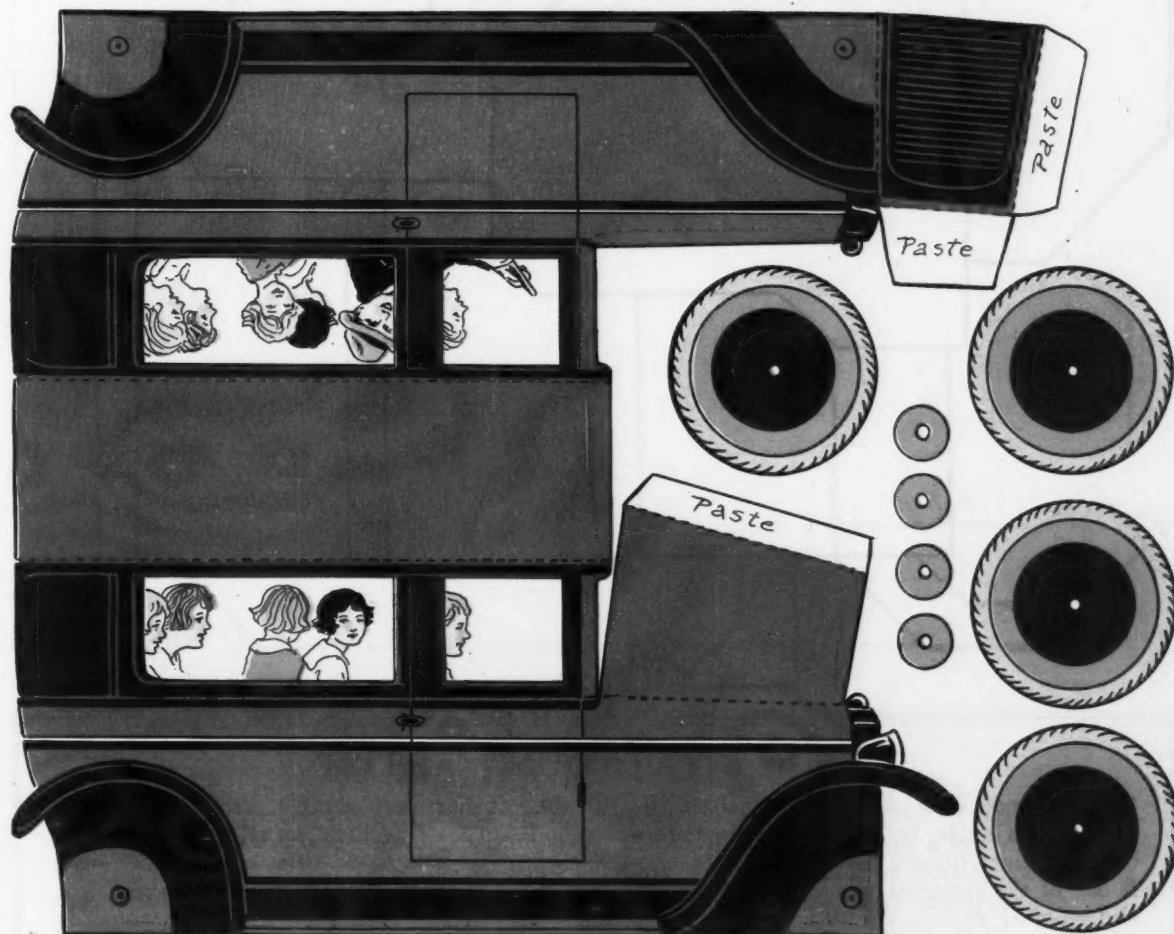
" " 4221, " 8, 10, 12, 14, and 16 years.

Patterns are 20 cents each.

We are always delighted to answer any questions Mother may care to ask, if she will send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to CHILD LIFE Pattern Department, Rand McNally & Co., 536 So. Clark Street, Chicago.

CAMP CAPERS

By Elinor d'Albert



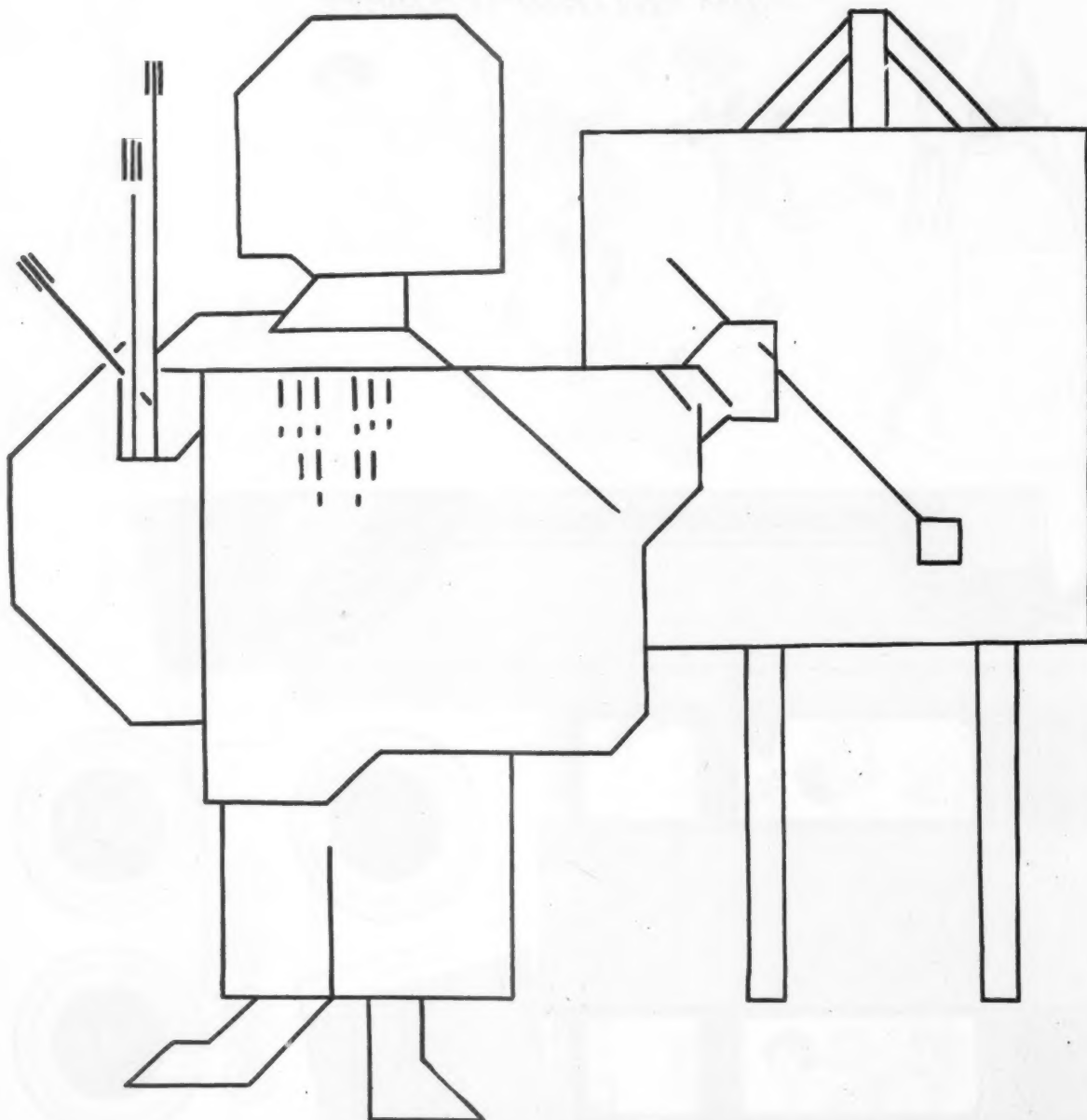
DIRECTIONS

EVERY dotted line is a fold. After making all folds in the automobile, and pasting, as marked, make axles as long as the width of the car, using soft pine wood, or strips cut from a potato, about $\frac{3}{4}$ of an inch square at the ends. Mount the four little hubs, and the wheels, put a pin through each hub, through the wheel, through the dot on the car body and into the potato axle. If you do this very

carefully, especially the making of the wheels, the car will run smoothly. If you cannot find an acorn for a camp kettle, roll a piece of paper into a cornucopia, paste, then put on like a thimble and push the point down. Make tents of heavy wrapping paper, four times the size of the little sketch, pasting where indicated. All parts of the car should be pasted on heavy paper before putting it together.

THE CHILD LIFE QUILT No. 10

Designed by RUBY SHORT McKIM



No. 10. THE YOUNG ARTIST

THIS smock-clad figure with palette and brushes might be from the home state of our magazine, Illinois, for in this state there is one of the great art schools of the country, and Number 10 is surely an artist. To create beauty is the artist's province; to enjoy beauty is granted all of us.

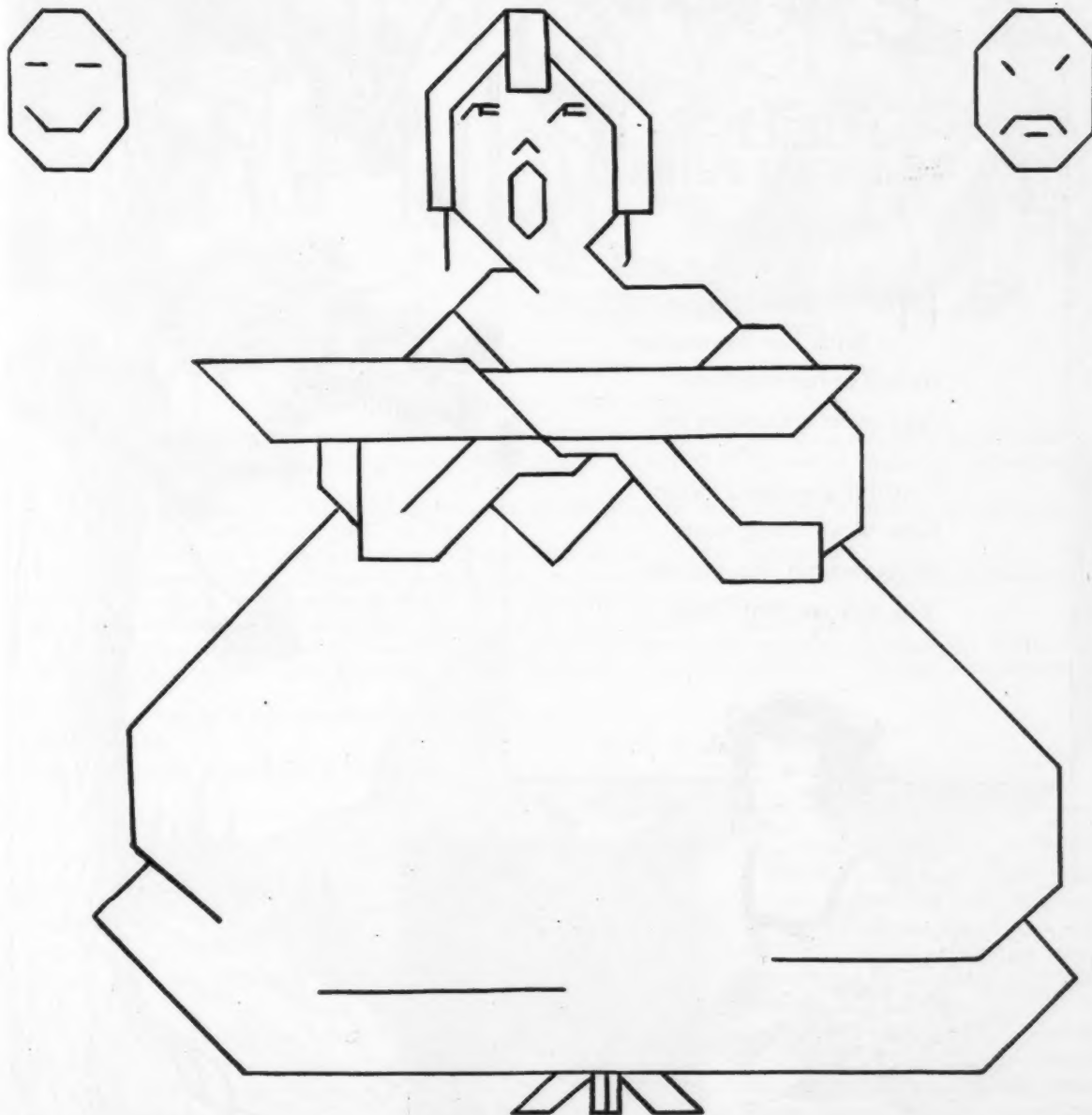
No other one thing so enriches the life of a boy or girl as this love of the beautiful. From the rosy streaked dawn of most any day, until

the soft quiet dark of night, we walk in a world of beauty. This little artist will add beauty herself to your quilt. Better trace her now, while you are thinking of her.

Instructions: To change the drawing into a quilt block, trace through carbon onto a smoothly-ironed piece of muslin that is cut about ten inches square. To make sure that your lines will trace perfectly true, use a ruler to mark along. After you have traced the pattern onto the muslin, you can work it in simple outline stitch, any color you may choose for your quilt. There are twenty drawings in all, just enough for a child's quilt.

THE CHILD LIFE QUILT No. 11

Designed by RUBY SHORT McKIM



No. 11. THE PRIMA DONNA

ALL of us sing, more or less, because sometimes we get so happy there is no other way to show our joy. But here we have a young singer with ambition, and a real prima donna she'll make in time. One can tell by those theatrical masks in the corners that she's trying out on the stage right now.

Isn't it splendid to have an idea just which of the big successes in life we're going to achieve and then to start working for them

while we're boys and girls? Of course, one's plans may have to change a bit from time to time, but it's certain if we don't decide on doing something, we shall never do anything!

Instructions: To change the drawing into a quilt block, trace through carbon onto a smoothly ironed piece of muslin that is cut about ten inches square. To make sure that your lines will trace perfectly true, use a ruler to mark along. After you have traced the pattern onto the muslin, you can work it in simple outline stitch, any color you may choose for your quilt. There are twenty drawings in all, just enough for a child's quilt.

Heidi

PUZZLE— FIND GOAT PETER

HELEN HUDSON

HAPPY little Heidi
With her flowers fair
Revels in her freedom
And sweet mountain air.

Faithful goat-herd Peter
Now is watching near;
If you search this picture
You will see him—here.



HELEN
HUDSON



CLUB MOTTO:

The only joy I keep is what I give away

Since children are the real Joy Givers, CHILD LIFE is providing them with the Joy Givers' Club. The purpose of this Club is to give joy to the readers of CHILD LIFE and to encourage expression in its members.

Any reader of CHILD LIFE of twelve years of age or under may become a member of this club, whether a regular subscriber or not.

This department is composed of original creations by the children themselves.

Short joy-giving contributions in prose, verse, or jingle are welcome. Well illustrated stories are especially desired. All drawings should be done on white unruled paper.

The contributions must be original and be the work of children of twelve and under.

If you know ways to give joy to others, write about it in story form, and send your story to CHILD LIFE. Miss Waldo will give your letters and contributions personal attention. No manuscripts can be returned.

For Joy Givers' Club membership cards write to

CHILD LIFE

CARE OF RAND McNALLY & COMPANY

ROSE WALDO, Editor

536 S. CLARK STREET

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

A WONDERFUL FOURTH

JIMMY and Dorothy were brother and sister. It was a week before the Fourth of July and they were getting ready for it. "I want a flag," said Jimmy, "for the boys are going to have a parade and I have to have a flag." But Mother said, "I am sorry, but you can't be in the parade for you are going to Grandpa's farm." Jimmy and Dorothy jumped for joy and said, "Goody, goody." Mother said, "I hope to have a surprise for you when you come back." The next day they went to Grandpa's, and oh, how much fun they had! On the Fourth of July Mother and Daddy went after them, and when they got back, what do you think, was there? A little baby sister.

ELIZABETH HENDRICKS
Omaha, Neb.



SARAH JEAN WATERS

IN THE SUMMER

UP IN the hills I like to go
In the summer when there is
no snow;

And hear the birds singing,
And see the tree boughs swinging.

HERBERT WILLIAMS
Cle Elum, Wash.

Dear Miss Waldo:

I AM ill in bed and I have been reading CHILD LIFE. It seems to me that it cures me. I took my CHILD LIFE to school last week and we gave a play out of it. I was director and had lots of fun. I am sure CHILD LIFE is proud to think it carries such cute plays and stories. Our teacher read some stories out of it Friday afternoon. I am hoping you will write because I like to get letters.

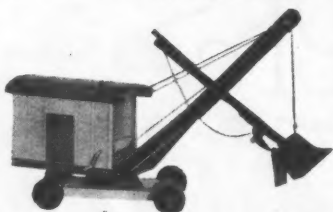
Your friend,
MARGUERITE REIF
Leavenworth, Kan.

A CANDLE lit me to bed last night,
Because we didn't have any light.
I prayed to Jesus for the light to come on,
And in the morning there was the dawn!

SARAH JEAN WATERS
Age 6 years Chillicothe, Ohio

STRUCTO TOYS

FOR GIRLS AND BOYS



Giant Steam Shovel No. 110
Height 12 $\frac{3}{4}$ in. Length 21 $\frac{1}{4}$ in.
Width 6 in. Price Postpaid \$2.50

Oh-Boy!!

Here's plenty of fun this summer for any kid who likes to play with real Working Toys.....Excavating work in the backyard with a STRUCTO Steam Shovel or Grab Bucket..... then carry away the load in a STRUCTO Dump Truck.....and don't think these STRUCTO Toys won't work in great with the American Flyer Backyard Railroad Prize contest.



Dump Truck No. 404
Length 14 $\frac{1}{4}$ in. Width 4 $\frac{1}{4}$ in.
Price Postpaid \$1.20



Tractor and Trailer No. 39
Length overall 13 in. Width 4 in.
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**STRUCTO
Grab
Bucket
No. 52**
Height 12 inches
Length 13 inches
Price Postpaid \$1.35



Racing Auto No. 40
Length overall 10 $\frac{1}{4}$ in.
Price Postpaid \$1.75



**STRUCTO
Sand
Loader
No. 51**
Length 13 inches
Width 5 inches
Height 11 inches
Price Postpaid \$1.75

American Flyer Mfg. Co.
2227 S. Halsted St., Chicago, Ill.
General Distributors
STRUCTO Hoisting Toys and Autos

Dear CHILD LIFE:

I LIVE in the land of sun and flowers, where the golden hours roll by to the mocking bird's song.

I enjoy reading the CHILD LIFE very much. I am sending you a picture of me with my doll. I love her very much.

VIRGINIA KING

Age 12 years Temple, Okla.



VIRGINIA KING

A DAY WITH JANE

JANE lived in Switzerland. Her house was built on the mountain-side overlooking a beautiful lake. Her only relative was her grandfather who was now sixty years of age.

The children of the village often wondered how Jane could stand the loneliness. However, Jane had plenty of things to occupy her time.

Every day she got up at sunrise, milked the cow, fed the chickens and the horses and cooked the breakfast for her grandfather. Then he went down the road with his little old wagon and his milk cans, for he was the milk man of the village. Jane went about the house, singing as she worked, with Pal, her dog, following her.

Later, the shepherd called for her as he came up the mountain-side with his sheep. Her grandfather came home at sunset and that was the end of a happy day.

DOLORES MALCHER

Age 12 years Chicago, Ill.

After School or Play—Murine

AFTER school, **Murine** quickly relieves EYES strained by study or irritated by the chalk dust of the schoolroom.

After play, it soothes away the irritation caused by exposure to sun, wind and dust.

Thousands of careful mothers now use this long-trusted lotion to keep little EYES always clear, bright and healthy.

Write Murine Company, Dept. 90, Chicago, for free book on eye care.

MURINE
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EYES



No more weary arms and tired babies. Tuck baby snugly in a convenient GORDON MOTOR CRISP or BASSINET. Asleep or awake, baby really enjoys motoring. Mother, too, may ride in comfort, or drive if she chooses. Absorbs the shocks baby would receive if held. "The Safest Way" the doctors say. The GORDON MOTOR CRISP shown above is quickly installed in open cars and standard sedans. Easily removed. Takes up no useful space. Folds flat. The GORDON MOTOR BASSINET its smallest, closed and open cars. Removable while baby sleeps. Both designs widely used. Recommended by baby specialists. Less than one-third the cost of a baby cot. Mother's pleasure and baby's comfort worth many times its small investment. Sold everywhere or sent prepaid. Satisfaction guaranteed. Send for illustrated folder and dealer's name. For baby, do it today. Gordon Motor Crisp Co., Dept. 128, 1519 Wabash Ave., Chicago

FREE Jingle Book

Send your name and address today for the FREE Jingle Book. NOT a catalog. Handsomely illustrated in colors, containing nursery rhymes featuring Dapple Gray.

Pedal Brake

Delights the heart of the child who wants something to "make go." Handsome in appearance and strongly made. Ball bearing pedal action and "balloon" tires, solid rubber. Has patented brake feature, made famous on our Original Brake Scooter.



JUNIOR WHEEL GOODS COMPANY
Los Angeles, Cal. and Kokomo, Ind.

Dear Miss Waldo:

I HAVE taken CHILD LIFE for a long time, and enjoy the stories in it very much. I would like to be a member of the Joy Givers' Club, if you will send me my membership card, please.

I am nine years old. I live in the country, and am nearly as tall as my mother, because I drink lots of good Guernsey milk and take some to school every day.

I am working my third block on the CHILD LIFE quilt. It is to be for my baby sister's bed.

Your little friend,

GWYNETH PRICE
Waukesha, Wis.

Dear Miss Waldo:

I WOULD like to join the Joy Givers' Club. I enjoy the CHILD LIFE very much. Last year I took another children's magazine, but I like the CHILD LIFE best.



THE BEVIS FAMILY

I have four brothers and one sister. My oldest brother has gone to college. I am in the fifth grade and have a very nice teacher.

I am sending you a picture of us. I have a nice pony that used to be in the circus.

I shall try to make up some poems or stories and send them to you. I would like to hear from some of the readers of the CHILD LIFE.

Sincerely yours,

HELEN BEVIS
Lakeland, Fla.

THE LINCOLN CABIN



A real play house that a child can build

Large enough for a child to stand in—ideal for little parties, "playing house" and all the things that appeal to the child's imagination.

Easily taken down and moved from place to place—built from notched light timbers—no nails to drive.

Keeps children in their own yard—a wonderful gift, a wonderful center for all the child's play activities.

Price delivered, \$50. Payment terms gladly arranged. Send for full information.

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Makers of the Famous Lincoln Logs

They keep baby smiling

JOYBLOX
WITH BELLS

*Baby brown eyes, gray eyes, eyes of blue,
These Joyblox were carefully made for you,
Each block contains a wondrous bell,
Made by the Fairies in Daisy Dell.*

If you'd like a set of these Joyblox, have mother fill out the coupon at the bottom, pin a dollar to it, and mail to the Joyblox Manufacturers. They will come to you all packed in the gayest yellow box—post prepaid. Baby is sure to like them lots—otherwise, money will be refunded.

JOYBLOX MFRS.
CINCINNATI, OHIO

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Attention
Dealers

Joyblox sell
fast when
displayed.

Write for
details.



JOYBLOX MFRS.,
1006 Reskirt Building,
Cincinnati, Ohio

The enclosed dollar is for a set of Joyblox. Send them to me, post prepaid, all packed in a bright yellow box.

Name _____

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3223—Imported Swiss Organdie Pique hem-stitched crown, wired brim, picot edge. Pleat. \$2
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MAKE EVERY CHILD
A PICTURE

Mothers—write NOW for Fairfame Summer Booklet—a portrayal of "styles fascinating"—baby in her cutest expressions—framed in delightful Fairfame Kiddie Cap Models.

If your favorite shop does not carry Fairfame Kiddie Caps, write us sending their name and address and we will supply you through them.

Priced \$2 \$3 \$4 and up

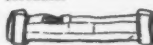
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FOLD-HI-CHAIR

Adjustable-Quickly
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FOLD-HI-CHAIR, is made for Baby's comfort and mother's convenience. At home or when traveling this adjustable, folding canvas seat can be attached to any chair. It is safe and comfortable.



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Ask your dealer for FOLD-HI-CHAIR, indormed by the New York "Herald Tribune" Institute and Modern Priscilla. If your dealer cannot supply you send \$1.50 and we will ship direct.

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12 Great Series Totaling
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For sale at all shops and stores where
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For pictures, mounted or unmounted,
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etc. use

Moore Push-less Hangers
"The Hanger with the Twist"

10c pkts. Everywhere
MOORE PUSH-PIN CO., Philadelphia, Pa.

MOTORING TO CANADA

LAST summer my parents decided to go to Canada for a little vacation. So during August we started in our car.

It was great fun crossing Niagara Falls. It took us a long time getting across the bridge, for it was Sunday. We saw the Maid of the Mist.

We drove about three hundred miles north of Toronto, passing many small lakes and lumbering camps. It was very beautiful. Nearing the end, we passed through many miles of virgin forest. The bushes touched the fenders on our car. We saw the Northern lights.

FRANCES WIELAND

Age 9½ years Cleveland, Ohio.

Dear Miss Waldo:

THIS is my second year that I have taken CHILD LIFE and I enjoy it every month. I can hardly wait to see CHILD LIFE.

I hope to have my membership card framed.

THE LOST BABY

ONCE upon a time there lived an old fox. She was out in the forest and she lost one of her children, not knowing how she lost it. But this is the way she lost it. She was going to town, and she had the baby in a bag on her back. She forgot and left the bag open, and she lost the baby fox out.

She went on to town. Over rocks and stones she went, and as she came back she was looking all around her. What do you think she saw that made her run fast? As she was skipping a rock, she tripped. Ahead of her she saw the baby fox. What do you think was by the side of it? A big dog! On she went until she came to it. She was afraid to stop, for she was afraid of the dog, but she did—to get her baby.

And oh! the way she went home! She didn't go skipping and jumping rocks, but she went tip-toeing along so she would not lose the baby again.

This story is ending now.

HELEN ASHBY

Age 7 years Roachdale, Ind.

Has the Question of Which School Come Up in Your Family?

WHEN it arises this summer call upon the CHILD LIFE School Bureau to give you the information you want. It will be of great help to you in deciding upon the school which meets all your requirements.

The CHILD LIFE School Bureau has been designed to serve parents who write to us for aid in selecting the right schools for their children. Our School Service is interested primarily in helping the fathers and mothers of children between the ages of four and fourteen to find the schools they want. We are in touch with all the good schools throughout the country which accept boarding pupils in their primary and intermediate departments.

Parents who want to know about resident schools anywhere which accept children younger than thirteen or fourteen will find the CHILD LIFE School Service the best place they can write to for information. It is at the disposal of all parents who want help in deciding this all-important matter.

If you will tell us the characteristics of your child, his personality and general disposition, we shall be much better able to assist you. Also please state the age and sex, the approximate amount you wish to spend, and what vicinity you have in mind for the school.

Address: R. L. BROWN, Director

Bureau of Education

CHILD LIFE

536 S. Clark St. Chicago, Ill.

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THE BIRTHDAY GIFT

MARJORY ANNE was looking forward to her birthday, which was the tenth of May, especially because her Aunt Lucy always sent her a very nice gift. Her birthday was almost there, when she received a letter from Aunt Lucy, saying she was going to be at Marjory Anne's place on her birthday.

"I wonder what she will give me!" thought Marjory Anne. Aunt Lucy arrived the day before her birthday.

The next day the postman came with all sorts of gifts from her friends and schoolmates. Still she wondered what her Aunt Lucy had brought her. That noon Aunt Lucy came downstairs. She had a package in her hand which she handed to Marjory Anne.

Marjory Anne opened it, and afterwards she declared that this time Aunt Lucy had brought her the best present she had ever brought.

The birthday gift was a CHILD LIFE magazine.

THELMA FRASER

Age 10 years St. Thomas, N. D.



ROBERT AND HERBERT

Dear Miss Waldo:

I AM sending you a group of poems my friend, Herbert Williams, wrote. I am also sending some pictures of him and of me. I hope you will put them in CHILD LIFE. It is my favorite magazine.

Yours truly,

ROBERT HILL

Age 9 years Cle Elum, Wash.

**"Sandy
Andy"
Toys and
Games**

for
Summer
Time
Play
Hours!

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amusing playtoys that delight children of all ages; so fascinating they are always new, and so well made, they give pleasure for a long time.

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Toys and Games are sold in all toy stores. Ask for them in your favorite shop. If unobtainable, we will send you any you desire, postpaid, upon receipt of price. West of Denver, Colo. and outside the United States, prices are 25% higher.

These are only a few of a large assortment of toys and games which are sold under the "Sandy Andy" trade mark name. Look for the name on each box. We will be glad to send you colored pictures and full descriptions of the entire assortment.

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KEY TO THE CHILD LIFE QUILT

(See Pages 440 and 441)

1	2	3	4
5	6	7	8
9	10	11	12
13	14	15	16
17	18	19	20

This diagram shows the arrangement of the blocks in the Child Life Quilt.

CHILDREN WHO WANT LETTERS

Esther Shainberg, New Madrid, Mo.
Glen Bogue, Parker, S. D., age 13.
Dorothy Buchols, 513 S. Elm St., Muncie, Ind., age 12.
Dorothy Johns, 1314 Washington Ave., Miami Beach, Fla., age 12.
Margaret Hanford, Leesburg, Fla., age 11.
Dorothy Boylar, 80 First St., New Haven, Conn., age 10.
Ethel Andrews, The Highlands, Smithland, Iowa, Route 1, Box 81, age 13.
Doris Wynn, Glenwood Ga., R. F. D. No. 3, age 10.
Kathryn Vickery, Bridge St., Phoenix, N. Y., age 12.
Viola Shepard, 266 Stout St., Portland, Ore.
Frances E. Wells, 905 Lily St., Leesburg, Fla.
Elizabeth Kenney, 1379 6th Ave., San Francisco, Calif., age 13.
Barbara Becker, R. F. D. No. 2, Ionia, Mich., age 8.
Virginia Rhoades, 30 Wilmington St., Montello, Mass., age 13.
Martha Baldwin, Mount Gilead, N. C., Box 165, age 6.
Katherine Luse, 2011 John Ave., Superior, Wis., age 9.
Robert B. Sheare, Remington, Ind., age 12.
Helen Crow, Remington, Ind., age 11.
Myrna Sullivan, Remington, Ind., age 10.
Merle Bartoo, Remington, Ind., age 10.
John Huston, Remington, Ind., age 11.
Helen Huston, Remington, Ind., age 12.
Dean Bowman, Remington, Ind., age 10.
Jean Ochs, Remington, Ind., age 11.
Margaret Lough, Remington, Ind., age 10.
Opal Walton, Remington, Ind., age 11.
Ernestine Wiggs, 189 Grande Allee, Quebec, P. Q., Canada.
Marion Dunlevy, 2924 Ash St., San Diego, Calif.
Joanne La Cost, Genoa, Ohio, Ottawa Co., age 10½.
Elizabeth Cawley, 106 Dearborn St., Bluefield, W. Va., age 10.
Helen Kisel, R. F. D., Broad Brook, Conn., age 9.
Katherine P. McConcy, 417 Prince Geo. St., Laurel, Md., age 9.
Doris Frank, 523 Chapel St., Ottawa, Ill.
Ernest Harding, Elkland, Pa., age 7.
Elizabeth Cameron, Elkland, Pa., age 12.
Eliza Barnhart, Elkland, Pa., age 13.
Dorothy Warren, Elkland, Pa., age 14.
John Janoray, 531 West Maple St., Oklahoma City, Okla., age 10.
Elizabeth Davis, Ward D., Research Hospital, Cor. 23d and Holmes, Kansas City, Mo.
Geneva Geer, Los Flores, Calif., age 13.
Hector Barrett, Pewryn Farm, Port Hope, Ont., Canada, age 10½.
Mildred Bennett, Toronto Rd., Port Hope, Ont., Canada, age 13.
Dale R. Leonard, 18 School St., Orleans, Vt., age 11.
Dorothy Little, 1016 S. 26th St., Fort Smith, Ark.
Anne Brown Taylor, 869 E. Trigg Ave., Memphis, Tenn., age 10.

Dear Miss Waldo:

I WAS glad when Mother told me about your letter, saying we could join the Joy Givers' Club. I am making application to join now.

I am nine years old and in the 3a grade. I go to Silas Gardiner School. I belong to the first Baptist church and to the Junior B. Y. P. N. of which I am group captain.

I surely do like to read CHILD LIFE. Mother reads us the stories.

Thanking you, I beg to send my love and good wishes to all the boys and girls. I remain

Your friend,
CHARLES H. DAVIS
Laurel, Miss.



CHARLES H. DAVIS

WHO'S WHO HONOR ROLL

Continued from June CHILD LIFE

McKenna, Jeanne
McKrackan, Helen
Marshall, Jean
Miller, Helen
Manny, Jack
Monzo, Isabelle
Monaghan, Elizabeth
Moody, Marjorie J.
Miller, Ruth L.
Morgan, Marjory A.
Moulton, Ruth
Miller, Happy
Merrill, Grace
Moffitt, Lucille
Mauro, Emma
Miller, Grace
Mann, Cecile
Morrison, Jean
Moore, Edrie
Mathews, Marchia
Minder, Lucille
Morris, Elizabeth
Morgan, Lucille
Myers, Margaret
Marr, Jean
Masse, Rene
Mastin, Nancy
Meredith, Sophie
Moulouck, Yvonne F.
Mahoney, Margaret
Millard, Carol
Maler, Marce
Martin, Mona M.
Moore, Genevieve
Mabry, Carlee
Moore, Mary L.
Minn, Jr., Stewart
Mara, Betty
Morris, Donald
Moore, Helen J.
Miller, Martha
Maynard, Ruth
Murphy, Mary
Mueller, Helen J.
Murray, Janet
Mathews, Maxine
Moench, Ernest
Murray, Eleanor
Marshall, Eleanor
Mills, Doris
Mills, Mary E.
Merrill, Jr., Walter
Merlen, Robert
Miller, Catherine
Mueller, Margaret
Meagher, Patricia
Muldoo, Roberta
Murray, Daniel
Magaret, Gretchen A.
Merrill, Mary E.
Muller, Helen
Norris, Kenneth O.
Nelson, Katie
Nashowita, Mildred
Nelson, Agnes
Nelson, Margaret
Neely, Christine
Neelman, Marguerite
Newell, Eric
Northard, Genevieve
Newcomb, Margaret L.
Nene, Raymond
Neblitt, Josephine
Neuner, Catherine
Nelson, La Relle
Nelson, Hilda
Norskog, Nancy
Ogden, Peter K.
Olson, Howard
Osborne, Nancy
Orr, Lyman
Olson, Elsie
Oids, Eleanor
O'Connell, Louise
Olson, Ella
Orr, Lucile
Ole, Gene
Osborne, Hendree
Owynkoop, Jane
Osgood, Dorothy L.
Ottley, Marcelle
Olney, Edward J.
Petterman, Lillian
Peterson, Marjorie
Pack, Elinor
Pclair, Martha J.
Pagenkopf, Kathryn
Procter, Leland
Poole, Nancy
Pegg, Benton
Puterbaugh, Alice
Purcell, Evelyn
Patterson, Charles
Poggram, Reed
Piffner, Kenneth
Packard, Mary
Petrie, G. Scott
Pritchard, Lennis
Pearson, Howard
Phillips, Catherine A.
Phillips, Margaret
Potter, Babetto
Pinney, Olive M.
Power, Lucy Leigh
Pease, Prudence
Procter, Carolyn
Peters, Louise E.
Poole, Thelma
Piser, Hope E.
Page, Ann
Pugh, Pearl
Pearson, Virginia
Punch, Robert
Pings, Phil
Pheips, Laura L.
Pool, Margaret
Parker, III, T. C.
Parker, Lura
Prince, Nancy
Pottenger, Elizabeth J.
Plummer, Katherine
Pendexter, Jr., Sidney
Pikas, Helen J.
Popper, Marjory
Peterson, Ruth
Pruty, Eleanor
Quinn, Velma
Quigley, Caroline
Quine, Frederick
Rodney, Jean E.
Roberta, Louise
Ryan, Jean E.
Roche, Florence
Rovell, Eloise
Reese, Betty
Rutishauser, Alene
Rice, Helen
Robbins, Elizabeth
Roark, Mary E.
Ransom, Ruth
Russell, Thelma
Roberta, Emily
Robertson, Eleanor
Renger, Virginia
Robson, Joan
Richardson, Gwendolyn
Ryan, Jane
Reeder, Walter
Raker, Mary E.
Rice, Winifred
Reynolds, Elliot
Ray, Phyllis
Runde, Eleanor
Rodiger, Maribelle
Robinson, Mary T.
Rosenstein, Ruth
Ray, Josephine
Renaud, Mary J.
Robinson, Kathryn
Reed, David
Robertson, Mary Anne
Reef, Mary E.
Rawdon, Robert M.
Ryder, Margaret
Rink, Aileen
Reina, Alice
Russell, Audrey, L.
Reed, Margaret
Roth, Mary
Riemann, Ruth
Runge, Elaine
Renfrew, Constance
Rachner, Irene
Robinson, Donald
Stephens, Dorothy
Schubert, Margaret
Sternberger, Ruth
Sheppard, Lucille
Schulte, Thelma
Sadley, Kathryn
Schile, Frederick
Smith, Doris
Sprenger, Betty
Schrickel, Miriam
Skinner, Carl
Seig, Edith
Shipley, Sara M.
Splan, Bernadine
Stewart, Ruth
Seaman, Patay
Sally, Jane B.
Stein, Alton
Steele, William
Shepherd, Mary O.
Stockton, Kenneth
Stevens, Elizabeth
Scott, Edna
Strong, Mary K.
Strohmeier, Evelyn
Stopecock, Gladys
Sheffer, Dorothy
Stockton, Beatrice
Scott, Betty
Shoop, June
Simon, Julia L.
Shryock, Helen
Schous, Virginia
Sellersmann, Jean H.
Schindler, Louise
Simpson, Betty J.
Shoenemann, Carolyn M.
Schauer, Nancy
Stark, Eleanor M.
Striver, Lyle
Wykes, Eleanor
Strutt, Dorothy
Schults, Hildegarde
Salisbury, John
Stiles, Stuart
Shoemaker, Elizabeth
Schloss, Dorothy
Smith, Emma L.
Stupp, Kathryn P.
Schaack, Elizabeth
Sheels, Peggy J.
Stuteman, Hope
Sexsmith, Owen
Smith, Jane
Sears, Jean
Starka, Elizabeth
Sundvahl, Marjorie
Smith, Elizabeth M.
Stego, Lois M.
Schwartz, Irma
Swir, Charlie
Shippee, Elizabeth
Stille, Marie
Shreiner, Junior
Sanders, Marion
Secord, Flora
Sperry, Edith
Simon, Alberta
Stewart, Marjorie
Sibley, Agnes
Stark, Marjorie
Strauss, Sally
Sperry, Walter
Stadford, Lee
Stockbauer, Dolores
Strauss, Carolyn B.
Sohn, Marie C.
Sutherland, Barbara
Secciarino, Memory
Stages, Florence
Simon, Elizabeth
Schrody, Elsie J.
Smith, Jopling
Sharpe, Janice
Swartakopf, Isabelle
Shar, Betty L.
Sawyer, Edis
Smith, Susan
Sayer, Betty
Smith, Marjorie
Sullivan, Patricia
Salvage, John
Simon, Dorothy
Stowe, Margaret
Turnbull, Charles
Tomlinson, H. Mariette
Topham, Barbara
Thompson, Helen
Thompson, Beatrice M.
Tatum, Anne
Torp, Viggo
Tucker, Charline
Thompson, Lionel D.
Torp, Eric
Treadwell, Louise
Thompson, Maxine
Teech, Karl
Turnan, Mary A.
Thoney, Robert G.
Thompson, Jean
Thompson, Virginia
Taylor, Virginia
Terry, Charlotte
Tennant, Betty
Tansley, Doris
Traxel, Robert
Tanner, Gwendolyn
Thomas, Ruth
Thompson, Ethlyn
Terhune, Grace E.
Thomas, Helen J.
Unrich, Jeanice
Unisicker, Max
Udell, Roxie
Ukula, Marie
Ulen, Mary E.
Uren, Jean B.
Vernor, Lee
Varo, Anne
Von Holt, Erwin
Voorhis, Marie S.
Vaurinot, Madolin
Van Vliet, Adelaide J.
Vogrie, Rudolph W.
Vander, Dorothy
Weber, Heloise L.
Wentworth, Margaret H.
Wright, Ernest
Weber, James L.
Webb, Alfreda F.
Westbater, Marjorie
Werber, Lois A.
Warren, Paul
Washington, Mildred
Webb, Dorothy
Weller, Janice
White, Peggy
Wanda, Jane
Wootson, Pauline
Ward, Evelyn
Williamson, Mary J.
Walbridge, Betsy
White, Janice
Williams, Marian L.
Williams, Henry F.
Wickensham, Mary B.
Wittem, Virginia
Wallace, Robert Bruce
Wilcox, Judith
Wilson, Sibyl
Wills, Wilbur
Whitehead, Anita
Washburn, Mary E.
Williams, Grace
Williams, Edward
Walsworth, Lois N.
Wetzel, Ruth
Walmsley, Virginia
Wyckoff, Marjorie
Willis, Frederick
Winters, Nedene S.
Wallen, Silene
Winters, Elizabeth
Wayman, John G.
Wood, Ann
Wallace, Marion H.
Wilson, Helen
Webster, Dorothy E.
Weil, Eugene
Wortman, Mary
Williams, Pauline
Williams, Ida
White, Mary Blanche
Welshans, Elizabeth
Wynn, Mary Lee
Williams, D. Norton
Young, Alouka
Zuckerman, Avivah
Zittel, Charles
Zimmerman, Ruth
Zapkin, Jerome
Zehrfeld, Mildred

